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Men Maidens and Manners
a hundred years ago

BY

JOHN ASHTON.

WITH THIRTY-FOUR CONTEMPORARY ILLUSTRATIONS.

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FIELD & TUER,
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when it stood at 15,717,287. Our last Census taken was in 1881, when
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CORRECTION.

On page 91, a rollicking compositor has made LORD GEORGE GORDON do duty for FOSTER POWELL, the pedestrian, who in turn represents his lordship on page 120.

MEN, MAIDENS AND MANNERS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

JANUARY.

THE last century was, indeed, one of wonders! One scarcely knows where, or how, to begin chronicling them. No matter where we turn, the marvels of that hundred years are simply astounding. Take the population, for instance—which a hundred years since was somewhat hard to get at with certainty, as the first regularly conducted Census did not take place till 1801. We may assume, at all events, that the population of Great Britain and Ireland was smaller a century ago than in 1801, when it stood at 15,717,287. Our last Census taken was in 1881, when

the numbers were 53,067,495. This does not include the born British subjects who have left their parent shore, to go to India, America, Canada, Australia, and in fact all over the world, nor does it embrace English troops in service abroad, travellers, or sailors at sea. A hundred years ago our Colonies were unknown. The vast continent of Australia, the enormous extent of Canada, were not inhabited, as now, by Britons ; and India was only just being nibbled at. The wonderful force of Steam was principally known through the medium of Papin's Digester, and no one dreamed of the mighty giant which it has since become—now, in all probability, having reached its apogee, and commencing to yield to its later known, and subtler rival, Electricity, about which the good folk then knew that it was identical with lightning, for had not Benjamin Franklin demonstrated that fact? But they did not know how to apply the new toy, and make it subservient to man's uses. Galvanism was not known till 1790, and the voltaic pile was introduced in 1800. Literature, Art, and Science have made wonderful strides ; in fact, in the latter it is hard to keep pace with the discoveries in any branch. A voyage round the world is but a holiday trip ; and every nook and corner of the globe is being explored and ransacked by the ubiquitous Briton.

Our

Our great-grandfathers stayed at home ; the means of locomotion inland were very rude, almost all journeys being made on horseback ; and the roads were something awful. There was nothing to tempt anyone to take a sea voyage, for the ships were small, and very high out of the water, which made them roll fearfully, and of such a build for speed, that a voyage to India took best part of a year to perform. A few young men of the upper classes went the " grand tour," as it was called, upon the Continent, visiting France, Spain, Italy, and Austria ; but seldom going out of certain well-defined limits. Our great-grandfathers never were in a hurry—they had no trains to catch ; telegraphs and telephones were unknown ; there was little speculation, and of the fever of the Stock Exchange they were almost entirely ignorant. Those engaged in trade lived, as a rule, over their place of business ; and began work early in the morning, finishing much later than our merchants do. Then long letters were written, for a man had a long day before him, and not too much to do. Merchants did not make the colossal fortunes of modern times, but they plodded on, and amassed a competence after a life's work, which was not too hard ; were contented with their lots, and were certainly as happy as we are.

Dress in January, 1787, was decidedly more picturesque than at the
pre-

present time, as we see by the accompanying illustrations. In the lady's hat we recognize the fact that Gainsborough was still alive ; and both

gentleman and lady are depicted as adopting the foolish fashion, then in vogue, of wearing two watches. We have seen, during the present and the past two years, some remarkably *bouffée* costumes ; but the caricature shown on p. 5 exceeds even the curious

fashion now in use. The hat and dress are, of course, exaggerated ; but otherwise the dresses are as then worn. The gentleman is fashionably dressed, having his wig clubbed, a mode which

was



was yielding to the head-dress of the Macaroni; and he carries with him the redoubtable cudgel, which was then "quite the thing," both in England and France.

January, 1787, opened with very cold weather. The frosts on the Continent had been intense; the Danube, near Vienna, having been frozen over



as early as the beginning of October. Ice was floating about in the German Ocean. In North Holland, and even on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, snow was some eight feet thick. In Sweden and Norway the severity of the weather than

nearly caused a famine; and, in Denmark, many perished owing to the rigour of the winter. In Scotland and Ireland, and in many parts of England, storms and gusts of wind were more violent and destructive

than had been experienced for many years previously, and there were more wrecks than usual on the coast, involving great loss of life.

Whilst on this subject, it may be mentioned that the earthquakes of last year had their counterpart—*in petto*, in 1787—for we read that on January 6 a shock of earthquake was felt in the parishes of Campsie and Strathblane, near Glasgow. A brook, on which was a mill, suddenly became dry; in several places doors that had been locked, were burst open; and, at Netherton, the houses shook so violently that the inhabitants sought safety in fields; but no damage was sustained. The shock was felt at Kilpatrick, Killcam, and Tintray.

Politically speaking, things were much as they are now. Russia was pursuing her policy of aggression—vide *Morning Chronicle*, January 1:—“At the present period, when the maritime powers of Europe found the prosperity of their States on the basis of commerce, each of them strives to incline the balance in their own favour. Russia (too high to the northward to send her fleets to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and so enter into a competition with the nations more favourably situated) is opening herself a route formerly known to the Romans and the Genoese. She makes her ships descend by the Volga to the Caspian Sea, and her merchants

chants endeavour to draw towards them the merchandise of Persia and the northern provinces of the Mogul Empire. The beautiful silks of the Guilau have already become the objects of their speculation, and the Empress Catherine II. will doubtless, on the first revolution, become mistress of those rich countries."

With France, under Louis XVI., we were good friends ; and, on January 15, a Convention was signed between England and France relating to the Treaty of Commerce between the two nations, which was entered into at Versailles, September 26, 1786. And, on January 23, the *Droit d'Aubaine* was abolished in France, as far as it affected the subjects of Great Britain and Ireland. This was a right, by virtue of which the sovereign succeeded to the property of an unnaturalized foreigner who died in his State.

Ireland, of course, was in its chronic state of disturbance, this time about tithes—(*Morning Chronicle*, January 19)—"Dublin, January 11: The account of the refusal of tithes in the north is an alarming truth ; for by yesterday's post we learn that it is not confined to one parish, but extends much farther, several others having followed the example, and every possible exertion is made to render the opposition to the payment of tithes universal throughout that province. The outrageous among the peasants

of the south carried not so serious an air of mischief, because the resistance of payment was confined merely to the lower order of the people. But when we find some parishes entering into systematical resolutions in the north to pay no tithes whatever, matters wear a more rigid aspect. It is a lucky circumstance, however, that the sitting of Parliament is so immediately at hand, to adopt proper measures for applying a remedy to this evil."

In 1787 there was a great shaking of dry bones anent the slave trade ; and Clarkson, Hoare, Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, and others were doing their utmost to abolish this infamous traffic ; and, on January 13, S. Hoare, chairman of the committee for relieving and providing a settlement for the black poor, had an interview with Mr. Pitt, when he laid before him the proceedings of the committee, with which the Minister expressed his satisfaction. Two ships, having as many indigent blacks on board as could be collected, sailed that day for Sierra Leone, in order to found a new settlement. Needless to say that this act of benevolence was twisted into a political caricature. Nothing is sacred to the satirist.

Now for a few things social. Take for instance, on January 3 :—"A hunt in the true cockney style entertained all the boys and girls yesterday in the vicinity of Pancras. At ten o'clock about four brace of wild rabbits
were

were put into a stable in that neighbourhood, and from eleven o'clock till two they were turned out one by one, and hunted by beagles, to the infinite sport and satisfaction of several gentlemen from Newgate Street, Cheapside, etc., who set out early from home to partake of the sports of the chase. A good dinner, and a bottle at the Adam and Eve [corner of Hampstead and Euston Road, then a celebrated public-house and tea-gardens], closed the diversions of the day, and Dian's pale moon served to light the hunters home by midnight."

In the *World*, under date January 11, is the following :—"Two brothers, of the name of Stott, who live at Wookey, being equally captivated with the charms of a female of Wells, the daughter of a Mr. Lovell, a mason, paid their addresses to her, when the elder brother, perceiving that she manifested a partiality for the younger, declared that, unless she would accept his hand, he would hang himself. The tender-hearted nymph, to prevent so melancholy a catastrophe, promised to gratify his wishes, and they were accordingly married on Tuesday se'nnight; but the parties soon found themselves so much deceived in each other that, on Saturday last, the husband actually sold his bride (with her own approbation) for half a crown to his brother, to whom he, that evening, delivered her, with a halter round

round her neck, in the presence of a large party, at a public-house, where the purchase-money contributed towards the expenses of a convivial meeting."

Their ideas of cricket varied from ours, for a match for £1000, at which the Duke of York, together with many of the nobility, was present, was played on Christmas Eve, 1786.

The police of that time was scandalous, and the men then living were fully alive to the fact ; thus, in the *Morning Chronicle*, January 22, we read, anent St. Paul's Churchyard :—"The lamps along the palisadoes, under which skulk many a plunderer, are thinly scattered, and, from the scandalous light they give, are no better than so many farthing candles, and, when the wind is high, are often blown out ; and it is a notorious fact that there is not one watch-box from Ludgate Street to Watling Street on one side, or from Ludgate Street to Cheapside on the other ; so that, excepting once in half an hour, a watchman is never seen, and then he walks only a few yards till he turns up some passage, and is lost." And yet, at a Court of Aldermen, held January 31, the Sheriffs were instructed to wait on the Secretary of State, and ask him to have the prisoners condemned to transportation removed from Newgate, as that jail was so crowded that the health of the other prisoners was endangered.

CHAPTER II.

FEBRUARY.

THIS month opens with gratulations on the state of trade, and especially with hopes of the satisfactory working of the new Commercial Treaty with France ; and we read in the *Morning Chronicle*, February 1 :—" In the three articles of wool, metals, and coals, the British have a prodigious superiority over the French ; and that they have will soon become evident, on the commencement of the competition which our manufacturers and traders now look for. The French have, at all times, experienced such difficulties in obtaining materials to constitute the fabrick of their cloths, that they have thought it worth while to run all the hazards of smuggling from England. Their iron-works, of every description, are infinitely less complete and useful than ours. As to coals, they have none in their own dominions." But this was written a century ago. Since this, thanks to Free Trade and foreign bounties, *nous avons changé tout cela*. Yet, at that time

time they were cock-a-hoop at the trade they were going to do ; how British-manufactured broad-cloth was to undersell the French in their own markets, by twenty-five per cent. ; and they pointed out that any one of the three large cloth mercers in London had in either of their shops more cloth than was in the whole city of Paris. The French Revolution and subsequent long war with France rudely dispelled these Alnaschar dreams.

The homely old King was very popular with the people, his *bourgeoisie* delighted them—there was nothing “stuck-up” about him ; he was a regular “John Bull,” and, in the country, and at Windsor, he walked about among the people, clad very simply—very seldom wearing any other coat than the Windsor uniform, which was a broad-skirted frock coat, of dark blue cloth, with scarlet collar and cuffs ; a dress which, somewhat modified in shape, is still retained at Court. Many were the anecdotes told of him, how he found out how the apples got into the dumplings, etc. ; but the following belongs to this month of February, and, whether true or not, it found its way into all the newspapers :—“His Majesty greatly diverts himself with the appellation bestowed upon him of ‘Farmer George.’ At dinner at Newnham, the seat of Lord Harcourt, he related an incident which took place in the neighbourhood of Windsor. Walking out early
one

one morning he met a fellow driving a flock of very fine sheep. His Majesty, struck with their appearance, asked him if they were to be sold. 'No,' said the fellow, churlishly. 'Where are you going with them?' 'To Farmer George's,' said the fellow. 'Farmer George,' said the King; 'who is Farmer George? I thought I knew every farmer in this neighbourhood.' 'Why, don't you know Farmer George, mun?—he lives in thic great house (pointing to the Castle); they call 'un the King, but we call 'un nothing but Farmer George.' The King laughed, and wished the fellow good-day."

Farmer George's wife was not liked by the people in general; they got it into their heads that she was parsimonious and avaricious—faults which were abhorrent to the populace, who would rather have condoned the heedless profusion of her spendthrift son and heir. He, by-the-bye, was just then in very evil case, feeling the pinch of his prodigality. If he had had treble his income he still would have been in debt; and in 1786 he had managed to get dipped to the extent of £100,000, besides upwards of £50,000 expended on Carlton House. Credit was very low, and he was obliged to go to his father for parental advice and relief—a fact which was speedily taken hold of by the satirists, and an etching, by Kingsbury, was
pub-

published, entitled "The Prodigal Son," in which the Prince of Wales is depicted in rags and tending swine. Nay, the same artist depicted him and Mrs. Fitzherbert (who was married to him December 21, 1785), in an etching, called "The Lover's Last Shift," in which Mrs. F. is depicted as mending his only pair of breeches, which he has taken off, in order to enable her to do so, whilst he, out at elbows, is engaged in roasting a sheep's head—for to such a dainty they were supposed to have come down—and also is occupied in rocking a cradle. Why this should be is not clear, as there was no issue by his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. A paper stuck against the wall says that "A-begging we will go," and his royal garters display only the word "Honi."

A full account of the Prince's debts was laid before the King, but he refused to help him; so the Prince dismissed his court, reduced his establishment to that of a private gentleman, ordered his horses to be sold, the works at Carlton House to be stopped, and such part of it as was not necessary for his personal use to be shut up. On February 6, 1787, he was initiated into the fraternity of Freemasons, at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall; the Duke of Cumberland assisting as Grand Master, many of the nobility being present.

The

The silver coinage had been for some time past in a very bad state, and orders had been given for a large recoinage—which was done ; and, on February 5, part of the order for £75,000 worth of shillings and sixpences was delivered at the Bank from his Majesty's Mint, which was then in the Tower.

February 4 should ever be a day memorable in the annals of American episcopacy, as on that day were consecrated Dr. Prevost, as Bishop of New York ; and Dr. White, as Bishop of Philadelphia. Both these gentlemen were natives of America and inhabitants of the places whence they derived their titles. They formed the nucleus of the present American episcopacy, and all subsequent consecrations have emanated from them and their successors. Their consecration took place in the chapel of Lambeth Palace, and there were present the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of Bath and Wells, and Peterborough. They, as Republicans, would not adopt the style of lord or lordship, nor would they even be called "Right Reverend Father in God ;" but, with severe simplicity, would only be addressed as the Right Reverend Doctor, Bishop of, etc.

About this time a proposition was mooted that shops should be taxed ;
but

but the general feeling was so much against it, and the agitation thereon was so great, that it came to nothing.

This month there occurred a very singular case of contagious hysteria, which is well worth noting. On February 15, at a cotton manufactory at



Hodder Bridge, in Lancashire, a girl put a mouse into the breast of another girl, who had a great dread of mice. The girl immediately was seized with violent convulsions, which lasted twenty-four hours. On the following day, three more girls were similarly seized; on the 17th, six more. This created great alarm, and the mill was stopped, as it

was thought that these strange attacks might possibly be owing to something in the cotton. On the 18th, three; and on the 19th, eleven more were attacked by this strange malady, making in all twenty-four cases. Of these, twenty-one were young women, two girls, and one man. The symp-

symptoms were—anxiety, a feeling of strangulation, and very strong convulsions, which were so violent as to last, without intermission, from a quarter of an hour to twenty-four hours, and to require the assistance of four or five persons to prevent the patients from tearing their hair and dashing their heads against the floor or walls. A doctor from Preston cured them by means of electric shocks; and on the 20th they were sufficiently recovered to have a dance, and the next day all but two or three were at work.

The fashions, of course, had not much changed since last month. Still, there were points
in



in costume which the caricaturist could lay hold of, as we see in the "Cock and Hen Pouters," where the gentleman's frill and the lady's fichu are particularly protuberant. The gentleman's hair is *à la Macaroni*, a style which was sometimes carried to an absurd extravagance. Another illustration shows us a fashionable lady taking "five o'clock tea." She has her black boy, her cat, and her parrot; and is, as named, "The Girl in Stile" (after a play so called). And a third gives an exaggerated picture of the enormous muffs then in vogue, worn even in the theatre.

The *Morning Chronicle* of February 13 gives the following curious story of a wedding:—"A cause is instituted in the Ecclesiastical Court against the minister of a parish. The ground of complaint is as follows:—

A Saturday
or two ago, a
young couple
sent notice to
this reverend
divine of their
intention to
be married



on the follow-
ing Sunday.
About half-
past nine,
they attended
accordingly;
and, after
waiting about
an

an hour, they took the liberty of sending to remind the parson of his duty. He returned for answer that he knew his duty, and what was a proper time for performing the ceremony. He never attended, however, till the congregation was assembled, and it was time to begin the church service. The disappointed couple then solicited to be married in the face of the congregation, which he obstinately refused, and told them they must come on Monday. In consequence of this disappointment, some words arising between the parties, the man refused to fulfil his engagement; and the unhappy fair one, disappointed in so tender a point, is now confined in a private mad-house, in a most pitiable and miserable condition."

It is not often we can get a glimpse at what the weather was a hundred years ago, which must be an excuse for the following:—"February: Days wet, two: cloudy, fifteen; fine, eleven. Prevailing winds, N., two; N.E., one; S.E., four; S., nine; S.W., ten; W., two. Greatest height of thermometer (Fahr.) in shade, 51 deg.; lowest, 21 deg. Barometer, highest, 30.40; lowest, 28.80. Rainfall, 1.345 inches. Rose-tree in leaf, on the 1st; honeysuckle, 4th; butterfly seen, 8th; gooseberry-tree in leaf on the 9th; violet in blossom on the 11th; lightning at five a.m., and thunder at eleven a.m. on the 12th; crocus in blossom on the 15th; gnats seen on the 20th."



CHAPTER III.

MARCH.

MARCH, 1787, held its old tradition : it “ came in like a lion ; ” but it was a kindly, and good lion, and took the form of an anniversary dinner of a charitable society called “ The Ancient Britons,” at which was collected the sum of £600, to which the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) contributed £100. But the traditional weather must have obtained, for furs were advertised, and it is well worth noticing the prices at which the muffs (of which an illustration is given at p. 18) were sold, bearing in mind that money was worth—*i.e.* could purchase—more than double what it would now. As we know the muffs were large, so were the prices : blue fox, from 31s. 6d. to £10 10s. ; natural black ditto, from four to fifty guineas ; and they gradually came down to 4s. 6d. each, or 52s. per dozen ; but these latter were made of feathers.

These notices must, of course, be discursive, if to give even a *résumé*,
much

much less a history, of a century back ; and therefore the best way is to note the facts in each month as far as possible in the order of time in which they occurred ; and the grave must occasionally be mingled with the gay. For instance, on March 1, nine people were hanged at the Old Bailey : three for highway robbery, five for burglary, and one, a woman, named Sophia Pringle, for forgery. This latter had forged a letter of attorney for £100, and her case is principally remarkable for the sympathy displayed by the public, which was so strong that the sheriffs considerably kept her in prison, so that she should not witness the execution of her fellow criminals. Fainting more than once, she was dragged to the scaffold and was duly strangled, "every one present lamenting her miserable end."

A minor criminal was the celebrated pickpocket, George Barrington, who ranked, in his profession, with Cartouche and Vidocq. He flew high, and attended the Levées at Court, where he despoiled the noblemen of their diamond stars, and picked the pocket of Count Orloff, the favourite of Catherine of Russia, extracting therefrom a gold and diamond snuff-box, valued at between £30,000 and £40,000. He was detected in the act, and dexterously slipped it back into the Prince's hand—and he was not prosecuted for the attempted theft. We get a notice of him in the

Morn-

Morning Chronicle of March 2, 1787 :—"The noted Barrington was, on Saturday last, discovered in the following very extraordinary manner. Mr. Mellish's hounds having followed a stag into Lincolnshire, the animal was killed in the fens, and the gentlemen of the chase adjourned to a little publick house to refresh themselves. Here they were struck by the sight of Barrington, who was regaling himself in a corner of the cottage, habited in a brown frock, and with his hair cut close, in all the style of village simplicity. He was called to by Mr. Oliver, of Essex, who had been robbed by him, some time past, of sixteen guineas ; he at first denied that he was the person alluded to, but afterwards acquiesced in the fact. The persons who belonged to the hunt were called in to see him, that they might be aware of him should he return to his old haunts, the theatres. The people of the house asserted that he called himself a rider (a commercial traveller), and said that he was travelling for orders. He had bags by his side, and was in all respects a type of the character he assumed. The gentleman by whom he was thus found did not take him into custody, but sent a letter to Sir Sampson Wright, advising him of the circumstance." Barrington, after a very successful nefarious career, was at last caught, and in September, 1790, was sentenced to seven years' trans-

transportation to Australia ; but, materially helping to quell a mutiny of convicts *en route*, on his arrival at Port Jackson he was made superintendent of the convicts at Paramatta, and afterwards chief of the constabulary force of the colony.

And there was a fool named Samuel Birt, or Burt, who was sentenced to be hanged for forgery, and for whom great interest was made ; but he refused to petition for a remission of sentence until the last moment, and then it was made into a *cause célèbre*. “He addressed the Court in terms of studied elegance, lamenting his former unwarrantable contempt of life, apologizing for the disregard his feelings had forced him to show to the voluntary mercy of an offended Sovereign,” etc., and he got transportation for life to Australia.

A hundred years ago all punishments were, according to our ideas, in excess of their deserts. Here is one from the *Morning Chronicle*, March 9, 1787 :—“A private soldier belonging to the 64th Regiment, now quartered in our barracks [Chatham], who was servant to Lieutenant Spray, of the said regiment, in his master’s absence stole a pair of his leather breeches, and afterwards offered them for sale to a Jew. The honest Israelite gave information of it to an officer belonging to the same regiment, who was
then

then passing by, in consequence of which Mr. Spray's servant was confined, and tried about a fortnight ago by a court-martial, which sentenced the man to receive five hundred lashes, which were inflicted on the poor wretch, who died the next day, and was buried the day following."

It is sorrowful to chronicle such sad things, but "'twixt grave and gay," in those days, there was but a very short step, and the *chroniques scandaleuses* of a past age, with their passing innuendoes, which only a student of the times can understand or appreciate, are hardly fitted for popular tastes. Suppose, for instance, a century hence some one was to republish our disgraceful divorce cases! So that the historian's task is somewhat hard, although the outcome ought to be fairly interesting. Here, for instance, is a civil case—as to the liability of the Post Office (*London Chronicle*, March 6-8):—"A verdict was given against Lord Cowper at the last sitting after term, in which the mercantile and trading part of the community are seriously concerned. His lordship had, at several times, ordered parcels of diamonds to be sent to him abroad by the conveyance of the general post, which were sometimes insured, sometimes not." At all events, a parcel of diamonds worth £1000 was forwarded to him, uninsured—and never arrived. On these grounds he refused to pay the jeweller,

who sued him for the value, and the verdict was given in the jeweller's favour, as it was considered that posting the diamonds was delivery to Lord Cowper.

In the last chapter the King's homely manners were mentioned. It was meant very kindly, in what we should call chaff. It hurt nobody, and the little satire, if there was any, was chiefly levelled at the royal thrift. In the illustration we find King George and his wife shopping, and if anything could be said bitterly about the royal couple, it would have been said by John Wolcot, whose verses from "Peter Pindar's Ode upon Ode," 1787, are appended to the Engraving:—

"The



“The modern bard, says Tom, sublimely sings
Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious kings,
Who love their wives, so constant, from their heart :
Who, down at Windsor, daily go a shopping :
Their heads—so lovely—into houses popping,
And doing wonders in the haggling art.

And why, in God’s name, should not queens and kings
Purchase a comb, or cork-screw, lace for cloaks,
Edging for caps, or tape for apron-strings,
Or pins or bobbins, cheap as other folks ?
Reader, to make thine eyes with wonder stare,
Farthings are not beneath the Royal care.”

By-the-way, talking of shopping, there is a very charming illustration, of the same month, of ordinary ladies indulging in that precious luxury. Many may think the costume exaggerated, but really it is so in a very trifling degree. See, for instance, the coiffure and mob cap of the lady in the illustration on next page, which is no more caricatured than the sofa from which she is rising.



Sir John Hawkins, who wrote the "Life of Dr. Johnson," and who died in 1789, gives a very graphic account of London about this time. Speaking of the Rev. Thomas Birch, D.D., he says: "I heard him once relate that he had the curiosity to measure the circuit of London, by a perambulation thereof. The account he gave was to this effect. He set out from his house in the Strand, towards Chelsea, and, having reached the bridge beyond the waterworks, he directed his course to Marybone, from whence, pursuing an eastern direction, he skirted the town, and crossed the Islington Road at the Angel. There was at that time no City Road ; but,



passing through Hoxton, he got to Shoreditch, thence to Bethnal Green, and from thence to Stepney, where he recruited his spirits with a glass of brandy. From Stepney he passed on to Limehouse, and took into his route the adjacent hamlet of Poplar, when he became sensible that,

to

to complete his designs, he must take in Southwark ; this put him to a stand : but he soon determined on his course, for, taking a boat, he landed at the Red House at Deptford, and made his way to Say's Court, where the great wet dock is, and, keeping the houses along Rotherhithe to the right, he got to Bermondsey, thence, by the south end of Kent Street, to Newington, and over St. George's Fields to Lambeth ; and, crossing over to Millbank, continued his way to Charing Cross, and along the Strand to Norfolk Street, from whence he had set out. The whole of this excursion took him from nine in the morning to three in the afternoon, and, according to his rate of walking, he computed the circuit of London at above twenty miles." Compare this with our London of to-day, with an extent of 441,559 acres ; and a population, in 1881, of 4,766,661 !

A notable feature of this month was the commencement of the issue of a *token* or copper coin, which was rendered necessary, for trade purposes, owing to the scarcity of small change. It was called the "Anglesea Penny," and was issued by Parry's Copper Mining Company. As this was the first of a very extensive series, I may, perhaps, be pardoned for mentioning that there is a forgery of this coin dated 1784, or three years before the first one was struck.

Sim-

Simply as a notice of the somewhat rough manners which existed in the rural districts a century ago, I close this with a paragraph from the *World*, March 29, 1787:—"A few days ago was married, at Abbot's Bromley, Mr. W. Walbank, aged eighteen, to Mrs. Burton, widow, aged eighty-five, he being this lady's fourth husband, and it is now sixty-nine years since she was married to her first husband. A great concourse of people attended the matrimonial ceremony; but, crowding too precipitately into the church, they threw the old lady down; she, however, soon recovered herself, and, with her stick, chastised the invaders. A wheelbarrow being brought to the church door when the couple come out, the old lady was forced into it, and her husband being a lusty lad, they obliged him to wheel her to the bridal habitation."



CHAPTER IV.

APRIL.

APRIL the First is licensed for a little foolery ; and, although a “ poisson d’Avril ” nowadays, both in Paris and London, takes the graceful form of a fish filled with bon-bons, yet the old style of mild practical joking has not yet disappeared, and “ Oh, you April fool ! ” may still be heard. A hundred years since, it was just the same, as we find recorded the old joke of the lions in the Tower being washed. Some of my readers may not be aware that the Tower was the Royal Menagerie of England from 1235, when Frederick II. of Germany presented Henry III. with three leopards, in compliment to his coat-of-arms ; and here all gifts of wild beasts from foreign potentates were kept, till November, 1834. There were bears—notably one white bear, which had a long chain, and was allowed to fish in the Thames—and other animals ; but the King of Beasts was the *pièce de résistance* in the menagerie, and yet his nobility was in-

insulted by being turned into an April 1 joke. It certainly is only mentioned as a political skit, but it shows that the old hoax then obtained. "The Major of the Tower is dead—a vacancy for that venerable fortress waits to be filled up. Mr. Burke has only a promise of being the keeper of the wild beasts—tygers, etc., and yesterday he went down to see the ceremony of washing their faces."

Is it true? But in the *World* of Monday, April 2, I read:—"Yesterday, at twelve o'clock, their Majesties, accompanied by the Princess Royal and Princess Augusta, came from the Queen's House [now Buckingham Palace] to St. James's, and heard Divine service performed at the Chapel Royal; after which there was a Drawing-room, at which were present," etc. On Good Friday there was no Levée, but there was a Drawing-room on the previous day, in Passion Week—Holy or Maunday Thursday. The theatres, however, were shut up, as they have been until lately, and loud were the complaints that the "players should be obliged to fast by Act of Parliament." But Drawing-rooms and Levées used to be much more frequent then than now, as the following list will show. There is one long hiatus—the Easter Holiday; and between the others the King and Queen stopped two days or so in London, and thought nothing of
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posting to Windsor, staying a day there for recreation and hunting, and then posting back to London to resume their social duties. In spite of the Easter Holidays, which occupied a fortnight out of the month, there were four Drawing-rooms—on April 1st, 5th, 19th, and 25th; and six Levées—on April 2nd, 4th, 18th, 20th, 24th, and 26th.

Very early in the month it was hinted that a reconciliation might possibly be effected between the King and the Prince of Wales; but it was not yet to be. He was then a young man about town, a veritable "Jessamy," as we see by his portrait, published in April, 1787, deeply in debt, and living with a fast set; but he was retrenching, and even making efforts to be relieved from his liabilities, as we learn from the official *London Gazette*, April 14-17:—"Carlton House, April 17, 1787. The Com-
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missioners of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Treasury, hereby give Notice to the several Creditors who have delivered a State of their Demands upon his Royal Highness to July 5, 1786 . . . that a Payment of Nine per Cent. upon the Amount of such Debts will commence on Tuesday, the 24th inst.," etc.

As the financial position of the Prince was one of the principal social topics of the month, I must be pardoned if, in recounting its history, I somewhat dwell upon it. On the 24th, all creditors were paid nine per cent., as promised, all debts under £50 were wiped out, and a promise was made that at the next dividend all debts under £100 were to be paid, and the general creditors were to receive a larger dividend.

Audi alteram partem is always a good rule, therefore I quote a paragraph from the *London Chronicle*, April 26-28 :—"The Prince of Wales's income is not more than £62,000, taking the revenues of the Duchy at £12,000, which they are now expected to produce, though they have not netted more than £10,000. Of this sum he has delivered into the hands of trustees, for the benefit of his creditors, £30,000. Of the remaining £30,000, or £32,000, he is obliged to appropriate £14,000 a year to the maintenance of a state not incident to any private nobleman, which makes

no part of his domestic establishment or of his daily expense. Of this £14,000 the sum of £3500 is paid in pensions properly belonging to the Civil List, and which were saddled on him when he came to Carleton House. All, therefore, that he has to apply to his personal expenditure is £16,000 a year. Out of this he has to pay £1000 for the taxes of Carleton House. The indispensable repairs of the palace cost him £1000 more ; and with the inconsiderable residue of £14,000 a year he has to maintain his table, his household, his carriages, horses, stables (for there are none belonging to Carleton House), his dress, his patronage of the arts, and, what was the best part of his former expense, his benevolence."

There was a social question that vexed the souls of the good people a century ago, and, what made it none the pleasanter, it touched their pockets. One would think that false coinage would only pay on the higher coins, but there were pitiful rogues then who would even coin false halfpence. At first I thought that these counterfeits were the tokens which had just come in to relieve the scarcity of copper coinage ; but it was not so ; they were veritable forgeries, and there were found people who openly acknowledged that they would buy them. It commences, as far as I can see, in an advertisement in the *World*, April 3, that "Halfpence will be taken on terms very advantageous to the public," etc. In

In the same paper (April 5) is a paragraph that a new coinage of halfpence and farthings was nearly finished at the Mint at the Tower, and that it was expected to stop the passing of any base coin. And this *aviso* seems to have been necessary, according to a somewhat amusing letter (*Ibid.*, April 6), "By the law of this kingdom, the receiving as well as the paying false or counterfeit copper money is felony—that is, the offending party may be transplanted into the fertile colony of Botany Bay, or enjoy the cooling breeze from the Thames, near Woolwich, in the pleasant county of Kent [*i.e.* the convict hulks or vessels in which they were confined]. Therefore, let me conjure the fair part of my fellow-subjects, especially such of them as are so delicate that their lily hands must not touch nor their bewitching eyes see halfpence, never to accept the copper coin in the modish way of giving it—viz. wrapped up in paper."

But some of these forgers were occasionally caught ; as we read in the *London Chronicle*, April 21-24, of three men who were convicted of making, coining, and counterfeiting the current copper coin of the realm called halfpence. The prisoners were actually at work, and a large quantity of counterfeit money was seized.

The Warren Hastings trial was dragging its slow length along, and
among

among other things which cropped up were the fortunes amassed by the returned Indian officials, and, if they were anything like true, they must have shaken the "Pagoda Tree" to some purpose. The *General Advertiser*, April 7, says: "Public rumour is but a lying jade at best—but, if she speaks true, there are four gentlemen in England whose fortunes are—Impey, Middleton, Hughes, and Cuthbert, each £500,000—in all £2,000,000. There are two brothers of the Cuthberts whose fortunes united amount to the above £500,000—and Mr. Hastings, by all accounts, cannot muster £60,000." The *World*, April 10, commenting on this, says, "To this may be added with equal truth, Sheridan, £000,000; Burke, £000,000; Fox, £000,000. Total, £000,000!"

The fashions did not then change from month to month as they do now, but the hat of Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, about whose "Gainsborough" portrait, and its mysterious disappearance, there was such a noise some few years since, seems to me to merit reproduction, especially as genuine costumes of this period are so very scarce.

With the month of April began the out-of-door amusements. On Monday, the 9th, Ranelagh opened its gates to the gay world; but it does not seem to have been a success, if we may judge from a con-tem-

temporary account of the people who went there :—"Not twenty ! No *ton* ! No beauty ! No crowding—all smooth and easy, a vacuum interspersed with *ennui* !"

Sadler's Wells, then in its youth, commenced its season. Its easy access from the City, where people then really dwelt, rendered it very popular, and it opened on Easter Monday with a variety entertainment of gymnastic Spaniards, "a little devil" on the tight



rope, comic and other dancing, a concert, and a pantomime ; and what more could people want ?

In reading the newspapers of this time, hardly one can be taken up without some story of highway robbery ; but I never (except the fabled *coranto* of Claude Duval) met with anything more polite than the following :—" *London Chronicle*, April 7-10—Saturday (April 7), in the afternoon, as the two Miss Staples went to take a walk in St. James's Park, they were met in

Bird-

Birdcage Walk by two genteel young men, who addressed them in the following manner: 'Ladies, we are two unfortunate men who have been touched by some gamblers of all our money, and have not a friend to give us any to supply our necessary wants; therefore intreat you both to deliver us all the money you have in your pockets. Make no delay, for we must have it;' on which they delivered to them about £3 in gold and silver. They then said—'Ladies, remember that we did not rob you, but you gave it us on our asking you to assist us in our distressed situation!'"

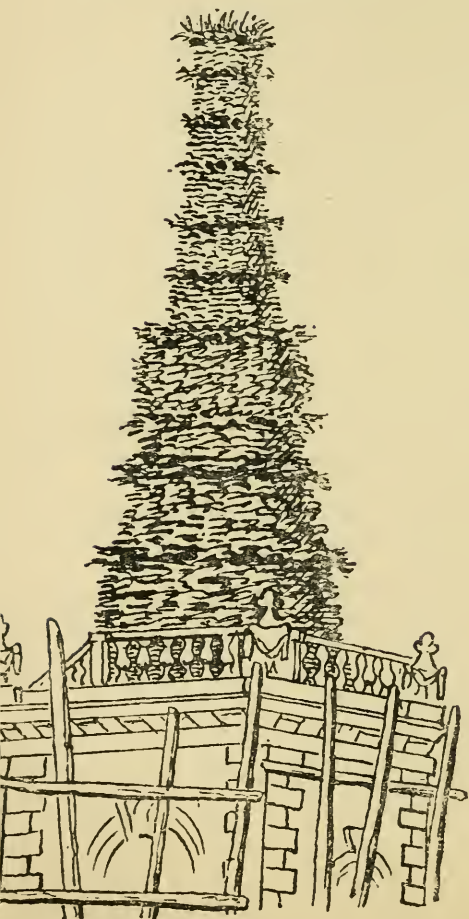
On April 14 was commenced a piece of mechanical engineering, which I do not think has since been applied. Islington Church was being thoroughly repaired, and the steeple also sadly wanted looking to. To avoid the cumbrous scaffolding, which would have been generally necessary to effect the repairs, an ingenious basket-maker, named Birch, designed and finished a cage for the steeple, composed entirely of willow, hazel, and other sticks, with a wicker-work spiral staircase inside. This novel scaffolding, which was much cheaper than the ordinary method, he seems to have previously tried with success at St. Albans. His contract was for £20 but so great was the curiosity that numbers came to see it, and a charge was

was made of sixpence a head to mount the staircase, so that he netted, over and above his contract, some two or three pounds a day.

On April 17 so noted a prize-fight took place between Martin and Mendoza that I must not fail to chronicle it, especially as the Prince of Wales was present. It ended in a victory for the Jew, who was brought in great triumph to London, with lighted torches, and martial music playing "See the Conquering Hero comes." Such enthusiasm over a couple of prize-fighters many of us can remember in the case of Heenan and Sayers.

Later on in the month, there was a scheme before Parliament to tax shops; but it met with such opposition that it came to nothing.

The month winds up with a wonderful dream, which is thus recorded:—"Dr. Meggs, a physician in considerable practice, had
occa-



occasion to attend a family in the Isle of Wight. Being detained till a late hour, he took a bed at the house ; but after tumbling about for some hours, he rose, and rung up the servants. He told them that he had tried in vain to sleep ; but that his imagination was haunted with the idea that his wife and children were murdered. No persuasives could prevail on him to stay. He set off—it was a blowing night, and it was with great difficulty that he could procure the boatman to take him over. He, however, arrived, and knocked at his door. His wife opened it. He eagerly inquired if all was well ? If the child was safe ? And why *she* had opened the door ? She said the child was perfectly well ; and she had opened the door because the servants would not come—they had behaved very impertinently to her. He called one of them, and questioned her as to her conduct. She gave him some pert answers ; but, at length falling upon her knees, she said that he had come home providentially, for she and her fellow-servant had resolved to murder the mistress and the child that they might plunder the house. The servant made the same confession in the morning, upon oath, before a magistrate.”



CHAPTER V.

MAY.

THE newspapers of Tuesday, May 1, 1787, give good accounts of the opening of the nineteenth exhibition of the Royal Academy of Paintings, then held at Somerset House. Sir Joshua Reynolds was the president, and he availed himself of the privilege of his position by exhibiting thirteen pictures, which were, of course, all portraits ; the chief one being the Prince of Wales, robing, assisted by a black page. Louthembourg had six pictures, the best being a view of Conway Castle ; Benjamin West had but two, "St. Paul at Melita" and the "Inauguration of the Order of the Garter ;" Reinagle exhibited portraits ; Stubbs painted cattle ; Opie showed his "Murder of David Rizzio," now in the Fine-Art Gallery of the Corporation of the City of London, Guildhall ; Northcote and Cosway exhibited ; but among the absent artists were Gainsborough, and Flaxman, then a young man of twenty-three, just gone to Italy to improve his art-education.

From

From Art to Music is an easy step, and our great-grandfathers were essentially musical. They delighted in chamber music, and social reunions for practising the same. It was wont to be used (most unfoundedly) as a reproach by Continental nations, that we were an unmusical country. They mixed but little with us ; but, since the introduction of steam-boats and railways, which have broken down the old barriers to travel, those of other nations who have come among us are fain to admit that they were wrong, and that we are decidedly musical, and that in no mean manner, our military bands, especially, being sources of delight and wonder to foreigners.

A century ago was decidedly an Augustan period for musical art. Handel was in England, Mozart had been, and Haydn was coming ; and, among living native composers we might reckon Arnold, Shield, Storace, Linley, and Jackson, whose *Te Deum* is so very familiar to us. The royal family were eminently musical. Queen Charlotte had been taught by one of the Bach family, had been accompanied by Mozart, and even Haydn recorded that "as a performer on the harpsichord the Queen played pretty well." The King was passionately fond of music, and played upon the organ ; and, when his blindness, and mental affliction left him desolate
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indeed, he still found some comfort in playing and singing the music of Handel, whom, as a composer, he absolutely adored.

The King and Queen were very fond of attending the Concerts of Ancient Music, founded in Queen Anne's reign by Dr. John Christopher Pepusch, and held in the reign of George III. at the rooms in Tottenham Street. At these concerts Mrs. Billington and Mdlle. Mara sang music, principally from Handel's compositions, but also from those of Bach, Glück, Paradisi, Hasse, Pergolesi, Corelli, Graun, Avison, and others. In these concerts the King greatly delighted, and listened in an enraptured manner—a fact which the caricaturist, to whom, like the *sapeur*, nothing was sacred, took advantage of, and portrayed his Majesty no doubt very faithfully, and, certainly, most graphically. In the illustration given on p. 46, I have taken but a portion of the picture, representing the King and Queen, with Miss Jefferies and Madame Schwollenberg in attendance, the performers in the concert being mainly filled in by political figures performing on different instruments, and making a most fearful discord—Pitt, for instance, playing on a baby's coral whistle with bells, and a rattle.

Are we to believe the following feat of gormandizing, which is copied from the *World* of May 4?—"At the Wheel, at Hackington Fen, on Wed-

Wednesday se'nnight, a fen farmer laid a wager he could eat *two dozen* of penny mutton pies and drink a gallon of ale in half an hour, which he performed *with ease* in half the time, and said he had but a *scanty* supper, and wished for something more; in less than half an hour after he ate a threepenny loaf and a pound of cheese, and still swore he was hungry. The landlord, unwilling to starve his *delicate guest*, set before him a leg of pork, which his voracious appetite gormandized with great composure. He thanked the landlord for his civility; and said, 'I hate to go to bed with an empty stomach.'"

In the Civil War in America
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between the Northern and Southern States, "bounty jumping," or enlisting and obtaining the bounty in several regiments, and then deserting, rose to the dignity of a fine art, and in our own military service such a practice is not altogether unknown; but, perhaps, the champion in this line of business was one John Hodgson, a soldier, aged twenty-six, who was executed on April 27, 1787, at Rushmere, in Suffolk, for highway robbery. "He confessed at the gallows that, within the last six years, he enlisted ninety-eight times with different recruiting parties in England, Ireland, and Scotland; that he received, as bounty money, 597 guineas; that he seldom remained with the party more than two days; and that he committed a number of robberies, by which he gained £236 14s. 8d. He was a most extraordinary character. He kept a regular account of his receipts and disbursements, and died worth eighty pounds, which he took care to transfer to a favourite female previous to his trial. He was taken up three times for desertion, and received 350 lashes at Colchester, which he bore without even so much as a sigh."

To turn from one kind of roguery to another, which at that time, owing to our fiscal system, was very rife, and yet was, on the whole, looked upon as a very venial offence. Smuggling, like poaching, led to
affrays

affrays which sometimes ended in bloodshed. The smuggling episode I am about to relate did not so terminate, but it vividly brings before us the state of popular opinion a century ago, as to the popularity of the illicit trade. On May 19 the *Rose* cutter brought a valuable prize into Southampton, consisting of three hundred casks of spirits and a quantity of tea, wine, and tobacco. Nor was this all their capture; they were accompanied, no doubt unwillingly, by six men, who had had a desperate fight with the crew of the *Rose* before they were overpowered. They were examined before a justice, and committed to Winchester Jail. But, as they were being conveyed thither in two coaches, guarded by sixteen well-armed men, they were met by a man, who blew a horn, whereupon some thirty well-mounted men made their appearance upon the scene, having their faces blacked and handkerchiefs tied round them. Being armed each with a blunderbuss and a brace of pistols, they were more than a match for the escort, and in the confusion that ensued the smugglers disappeared.

In the last chapter the impecunious situation of the Prince of Wales was noted, and, undoubtedly, it formed the principal topic of conversation. It was a state of things which could not possibly last long, as it was a grave public scandal that the heir to the throne should not only be in needy
cir-

circumstances himself, but heavily in debt. The King could not help him, nor he spent his income, and more; nay, in 1802, the nation had to pay his debts, amounting to £990,053. So that there was nothing else to be done but to petition Parliament for relief. The King sent a message to his faithful Commons, regretting the necessity of applying to them for help, and telling them that he had ordered an extra £10,000 a year to be paid to the Prince out of his Civil List; and the House of Commons voted £161,000 to pay his debts, and £20,000 on account of the works at Carlton House. The Prince promised in future to keep within his income, paid a dutiful visit to his father, and, for a time, his pecuniary affairs were at peace.

We have heard much lately of M. Chauffat, the sleeping man, and I am pleased to find that Switzerland has not the monopoly of such lethargic people, but that England has been in a position to compete with the Continent in their production, and that long before M. Chauffat had been in existence; for in the *World* of May 25, 1787, we read that, "About three weeks ago, at Rossgall, in the county of Donegal, in Ireland, a young woman of the name of Frances McBride, after a night's dancing, fell into a kind of trance, or lethargy, in which she continued for ten days; on the

eleventh she waked as if from a sound sleep, yawned two or three times, and expired."

Another thing, somewhat in advance of its time, was the discovery of petroleum in England. "Bristol, May 26. Some workmen digging lately for making a canal, near Coalbrooke Dale, discovered a thick glutinous substance issuing from a fissure of a rock, which, on examination, proved to be a mineral tar, which appears to have all the properties of the common tar. We hear several hundred barrels of it are already collected, the quantity that issues daily being very considerable."

The Royal family were easily accessible, showing themselves much in public ; and, on May 26, the King, Queen, and three elder Princesses, visited Whitbread's Brewery, in Chiswell Street. The Queen and Princesses would squeeze through a small hole in order to stand in the great stone cistern, which would hold four thousand barrels of beer. The King inspected the steam-engine and machinery, and was shown a horse 17 hands 3 inches high. They all partook of a magnificent luncheon, and went away highly delighted.

Once more, to show the musical taste of the day, the Royal Society of Musicians organized a series of three concerts of Handel's music at Westminster-

minster Abbey, and the first took place on May 28, beginning with the overture to "Esther" and the Dettingen *Te Deum*. Mrs. Billington and Mdlle. Mara (for whom the Continent was bidding highly) were announced to perform, but, quarrelling between themselves on a question of precedence, only Mara appeared. The King, Queen, and Royal family were present, and, on the occasion of the third concert, the King was so carried away by his feelings that he joined in the choruses. There were eight hundred performers, but why they were ill-treated by the mob I cannot say. At the last rehearsal "the indecent behaviour of the rabble at the west door of the Abbey when the performance was over is almost incredible. They not only jostled the company and plundered them, but grossly insulted some of the performers who came out with their violins: one, in particular, had it forced from out of his hand, thrown into the air, and kicked to pieces in the street."

The events of the month close with the Prorogation of Parliament on May 30. M.P.'s used to get through their work in those days.



CHAPTER VI.

JUNE.

A *PROPOS* of this June and its Jubilee, a century ago had its Jubilee to commemorate, for George III. entered into the fiftieth year of his age on June 4, 1787. It was a very quiet affair. Warton, the then Poet Laureate, composed an Ode for the occasion, in which he describes how Chaucer, Spenser, and Dryden sang the praises of their respective monarchs, and he winds up his lay thus :—

“ Had these blest Bards been call'd, to pay
The vows of this auspicious day,
Each had confess'd a fairer throne,
A mightier Sovereign, than his own !
Chaucer had bade his hero-monarch yield
The fame of Agincourt's triumphal field,
To peaceful prowess, and the conquest's calm,
That braid the sceptre with the patriot's palm ;

His

His chaplet of fantastic bloom,
His colourings warm from Fiction's loom,
Spenser had cast in scorn away,
And deck'd with truth alone the lay ;
All real here—the Bard had seen
The glories of his pictur'd Queen !
The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sincere !”

There were no particular popular demonstrations, other than were usual on the royal birthday; and even the guns were not fired in London, because they might disturb the Prince of Wales, who was ill. There were a Drawing-room and a State ball at St. James's Palace; but, at the latter, there were only two dances, and the King appeared most plainly dressed in a half-mourning suit and black silk stockings, his sole ornament being the insignia of the Garter. But the Queen made up, by her magnificent costume, for his quietude. She was dressed in a straw-coloured-ground gown and petticoat, trimmed with blonde and silver crape, drawn up in festoons with strings of large pearls, and enriched with clusters of diamonds; tassels of diamonds playing also in front of the drapery, which was relieved by azure-blue ribbons. The magnificence of this dress was dis-

distinguished by a display of bulrushes in clusters, the heads of which were encircled by rows of large diamonds, producing a beautiful effect. Her Majesty's cap was a loose bandeau of fine blonde net, ornamented with diamonds.

There were one or two little *contretemps* attendant on this birthday. For instance, it was customary for the mail coachmen and guards to have new uniforms on that day, and a proud time it was for them; but on this especial occasion the British tailor saw his opportunity and—because the three regiments of Guards were to have new uniforms—struck for higher wages, which not being granted, many of the mail coaches were not sent out in their accustomed bravery.

Coming from the Drawing-room, the Duke of Beaufort nearly lost his diamond "George." The marvel is that they were not oftener stolen, for the ribbon was then worn over the coat, and the "George" was suspended from it, just about where the sword-hilt would come. The duke's jewel was stolen by a swell-mob's-man of the period, one Henry Sterne, *alias* Gentleman Harry, who, on his examination, was marvellously cool and collected, even to the verge of effrontery. The magistrate remarked to him "That he was as great a rascal as any in England." "That," replied Gen-

Gentleman Harry, "is language which at once betrays your ignorance as a magistrate, and your illiberality as a man; and if you were younger than you are, and not sitting on that bench, you should meet me as a gentleman for such unparalleled conduct." His Worship, in a most undignified manner, then said, "I don't wish to meet you anywhere, for I am persuaded you would rob me if you had it in your power." To which speech the prisoner retorted, "You might make yourself easy on that score, for *I believe you have nothing to lose.*" He was committed for trial, found guilty, and sentenced in September following to seven years' transportation.

On June 2 was the third musical festival at Westminster Abbey, where, we are informed, "The Queen, whose taste and skill in music are discernible in every circumstance, joined in several of the choruses; as did his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, who likewise beat time very judiciously." There is a sad episode in connection with this festival, which is mentioned in the *London Chronicle*, June 2-5:—"As far as a single circumstance could add a movement to the mind under such a religious impression, it was that of Lord North being led out by his oldest daughter. His lordship seemed greatly emaciated, and, from the large green bandage before his eyes, we fear his sight is totally lost. He was preceded by Lady North,

North, which at once presented a mingled view of domestic affection and instability of human greatness."

Dr. Graham, the quack, was in great force about this time. His musical machinery, his celestial bed, even "the Gentleman Usher of the Rosy God, who, assisted by the High Priestess, will conduct the Blooming, the Gigantic, the Stupendous Goddess of Health, to the Celestial Throne" (that Goddess Vestina, who afterwards became Lady Hamilton, so well known by her connection with Nelson)—all had vanished, and his Temple

of Health and Hymen in Pall Mall was deserted. But the doctor was irrepressible. He



started a famous earth cure, which was not only to banish all disease, but to reinvigorate the body. The patient had to be buried up to the chin in earth, and remain thus for four or five, or even twelve hours at a stretch. Here, also, he invoked female aid, and we have a slight sketch of him and Miss P. taking their bath. He advertised—"N.B. The most violent and continued rain, wind, or cold, will not prevent Dr. Graham, and the truly patriotic and

and heroic young lady, from being in the earth every day during the whole of the appointed hours."

It must have been at this time, if there is any truth in the newspaper paragraph, that "Poor Dr. G—— met with a whimsical misfortune in one of his earth-bathing adventures near Chester. Being up to his chin in earth, with two others, a gardener from the ground adjoining made his appearance with a water-pot in his hand, and, observing 'that plants springing from the earth should be well watered,' he alternately threw the water on the three defenceless heads, to the no small diversion of the spectators."

Very early in the month, Lunardi, of aëronautic fame, invented a life-saving apparatus, and demonstrated its efficacy on the Thames. It was the precursor of the life-buoy, but it had a sort of keel; it was furnished with a compass, and would, at need, contain some provisions. On this occasion he paddled from Battersea Bridge to Chiswick; but, subsequently, he navigated the river lower down, shooting London Bridge at low water. He also exhibited it at the Pantheon, which was the Polytechnic Institution of its day.

Whilst on subjects aquatic, I may mention that in this month, a century ago,

ago, the "house-boat" was probably invented (*New Town and Country Magazine*, June 20, 1787):—"A waterman, whose name is Holmes, and who has acquired some property, to show his disgust against our rulers and the accumulation of taxes, has hit upon a singular expedient. He has disposed of a small freehold which he possessed in the vicinity of the Thames, and purchased a west-country barge, in which, with his wife and a large family of children, he resides in the most comfortable manner. He thus prides himself on eluding all taxes, and changes his situation as the weather or other circumstances makes this or that situation more agreeable. He at present is moored off York Buildings, where the neatness of his floating habitation, the respectable appearance of his wife and children, and the facetious character of the man himself, attract no small number of curious visitors."



There

There is a newspaper paragraph in this month which tells a story. "A short time since, a tradesman in St. James's Street took two diamond necklaces, one valued at two and the other at three thousand guineas, to one of his customers. The lady purchased the former; but on his return home the tradesman discovered that he had lost the other. Hastening in search of his property, at the corner of St. James's Place he perceived the necklace in the hands of a child about six years old, while a Jew was persuading her to sell it to him for five shillings; but the child refused, saying she would give it to her mother to wear. The necklace was recovered; and the owner made a present of twenty guineas to the mother of the child who found it."

Smuggling at that time was common enough, and was winked at by most people, except the customs authorities. Here is a case in which a revenue officer did his duty, and the result. On June 14, a body of not less than one hundred and fifty men, smugglers, all mounted and well laden, were met on the sea beach between Brighton and Shoreham by a revenue officer named Jenden and his assistants, who, of course, were nothing like so numerous. The officer attempted to effect a seizure, and in so doing several received sword-cuts, which were certainly not dealt in
child's

child's play. The smugglers fled, leaving behind them 167 casks of spirits and twelve horses, and next morning another horse and seven casks of spirits were found.

One smuggler died, and the exciseman was put upon his trial for murder, was found guilty, but received the king's pardon. The widow of the defunct smuggler took the matter up, and again instituted a prosecution, which, however, was not successful.

On June 20 died Karl Friedrich Abel, the celebrated composer and

player upon the viol de gamba or bass viol. He was one of the galaxy of good musicians which adorned this era, and did so much to form its musical taste. Cramer told a story of him—that before he died, he spat blood, and his physicians particularly ordered him not to take wine; but finding that his forbearance in this respect did him



him no good, he resolved to have a good "drunk," and was put to bed hopelessly intoxicated. Next morning Cramer found him better, and his voice much stronger, the patient, spitting on his handkerchief, remarking, "While my doctors gave me white stuff I spit nothing but red ; but now I have taken plenty of red stuff, I spit white again. For the future, my wine merchant shall be my only physician."

In this month I must not fail to chronicle an abnormal increase of the population, as narrated in the *World* of June 23. "The following very remarkable circumstance is a fact :—The wife of a poor man, who lives at No. 10, in Little Ayliffe Street, Goodman's Fields, was delivered, during the course of last week, of four children, two of which are dead and two alive ; and, on Monday night, the poor woman died in labour of a fifth." Eventually they all died, were duly preserved in spirits by Dr. Gershaw, of Oxford, and presented by him to the Royal Society.

Almost the last noteworthy occurrence of the month is the fabrication of a forged *Gazette*, undoubtedly for Stock Exchange purposes ; thus showing that our ancestors, although they did not enjoy the privilege of the electric telegraph and telephone, were quite as equal in disseminating false news to suit their purpose as their descendants. The rogues were never found out, although, as now, the police of that time "had a clue."

CHAPTER VII.

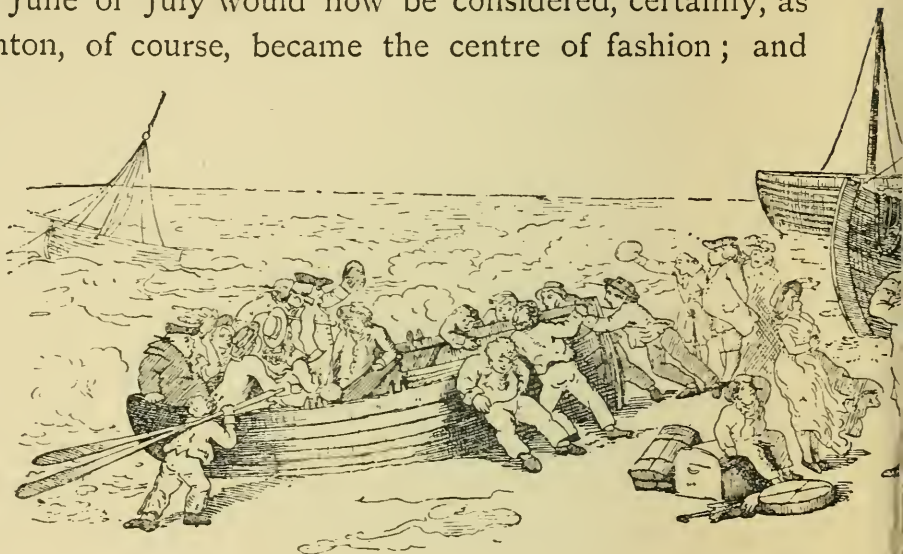
JULY.

“**H**IS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is expected this morning to set off for Brighthelmstone. The Marine Pavilion is now ready for his reception.” So says the *World* of July 5 ; but, as a matter of fact, he did not arrive at Brighton until nearly midnight of the 6th ; so late, indeed, that the inhabitants were unaware of his coming, and had to postpone their illuminations until the next day. I mention this, as it was the commencement of Brighton (or, as it is well termed, London-super-Mare), as we know it. How crude it was then compared to its present state may be well learned from the accompanying illustration by Rowlandson, in 1787 : “ Embarking from Brighthelmstone to Dieppe.” Yet, with Margate and Dover, it was one of the starting-places for the Continent, and this year, especially, it was noticed in the newspapers that more people sailed for France from those places than ever was known of at the same time pre-

previously. Times have changed since then, and any one taking a vacation on the Continent in June or July would now be considered, certainly, as unfashionable. Brighton, of course, became the centre of fashion; and the Prince's friends, Hanger, Morris, *et hoc genus omne*, followed in his train, and their doings are carefully noted in the papers.

An interesting item of news is in the *Morning Chronicle* of July 2, 1787:—"The Dis-

senters are establishing an University of their own; a large house and extensive grounds have been purchased at Hackney for £5000, to which a wing is to be added, and they have £9000 in hand. An anonymous benefactor, who chooses to be concealed, has just sent them £500, for
which



which their gratitude is expressed in the newspapers. The expense of board, lodging, and tuition, for each session, is sixty guineas, to such as are not on the foundation."

Early in the month—*i.e.* on July 4—Sir George Augustus Eliott was raised to the Peerage under the title of Baron Heathfield, of Bayly Place, Sussex. Our gratitude to him ought to be as vivid as a century ago, for he kept Gibraltar for us. And no mean man was he. He had been aide-de-camp to George II.; was wounded at Dettingen; and, before taking the command at Gibraltar, had been Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. Needless to say, he was fêted here to any extent when he paid a brief visit to England in 1787.

There was a sport just being resuscitated, which is as popular in this month as it was a hundred years since—namely, archery. Of course, we all know the renown of the English archers, until "villainous saltpetre" revolutionized the use of the bow and made it a mere pastime. For a time it slept; but it began to assert itself, and under somewhat distinguished patronage, as the following from the *World* of July 6, 1787, will show:—"Archery, though an exercise not much heard of, yet is not out of use. There are some men of fashion who still amuse themselves this way,

way, and want practice only to shoot well with the bow and arrow. Lord Aylesford, Lord St. Asaph, Lord Effingham, Mr. FitzWilliam, Mr. Fitzroy, are all fond of it. Mr. Haworth, of Chancery Lane, is, perhaps, the best shot in London."

The following hardly reads like a century ago, it is too vivid and too modern, such as one might expect to see any morning in the paper :—*"Cork. On the night of Friday, the 15th inst., seven horses were cropped, and their ears cut close to their heads, in and near Sarfield's Court, within four miles of this city."* And again, in the same column of the same newspaper :—*"Dublin. Yesterday morning, at one o'clock, Mr. Justice Graham, accompanied by a troop of the Green Horse, surprised in his bed James M'Nally, of Rush, who stands charged before that justice with treason and murder ; but eluded justice a considerable time, owing to the lawless neighbourhood of Rush."*

These



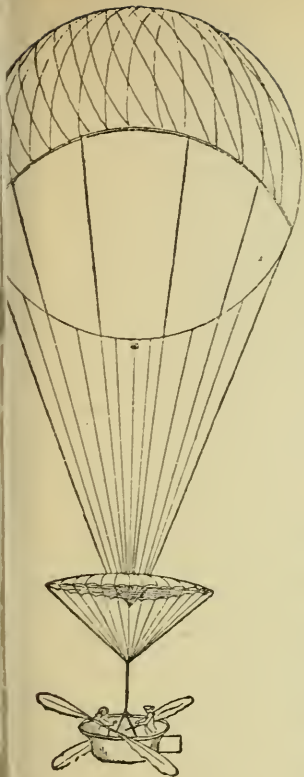
These chronicles of old times must necessarily be various, so that no surprise need be felt if I next notice the germ of the greatest naval revolution ever known. In this month, John Wilkinson, ironmaster, of Bradley Forge (whose copper tokens are well known to collectors), sent the first boat made of iron to Birmingham, *via* canal, loaded with about twenty-three tons of iron. It was about the same dimensions as the other canal-boats—viz. 70 ft. long and 6 ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. beam. It was made of plates, $\frac{5}{16}$ of an inch thick, riveted together; but the stern-post was of wood, and the gunwale was lined with, and the beams made of, wood. When empty, it drew about eight or nine inches of water. This was the humble forerunner of all our ironclads, and of the present Merchant Navy of the whole world.

There is mention made of a curious land-tenure, which deserves a passing notice. Dr. Thomas Thurlow was made Bishop of Durham; and, on his entrance into his see, he was met by John Erasmus Blackett, Esq., as representative of his brother, Sir Edward Blackett, of Matfen, and he, according to ancient custom, handed the Bishop a sword, saying, "Sir Edward Blackett, Baronet, now represents the person of Sir John Conyers, who, in the year 1063, in the fields of Sockburn, with this fal-

falchion, slew a monstrous creature, a dragon, a worm, or a flying serpent, that devoured men, women, and children. The owner of Sockburn, as a reward for his bravery, gave him the manor, with its appurtenances, for him and his heirs to hold for ever, on condition that he meets the Lord Bishop of Durham on his first entrance into his diocese after his appointment to that see." His lordship received and returned the sword, with many handsome compliments."

Here is a notice with an old-world flavour about it:—"July 11. Yesterday, one Sedgeley, an attorney, of the New Inn, who some time back was convicted of perjury, stood an hour on the pillory in Russell Street, Covent Garden; after which he was conducted to Newgate, where he is to be imprisoned two years."

Fishing anecdotes are notorious for their elasticity, but there is one told in the *World* of July 14 which will take some beating:—"Tuesday se'nnight, at morning tide, one of the largest sturgeons ever remembered came up the river of Ross, in the county of Wexford, Ireland: it measured 6 ft. 7 in. from nose to tail, and was of an enormous bulk in waist. On opening the stomach, about twenty pounds weight of different kinds of small fish were found, together with an enamelled gold ring, on
which



which were the letters, I.C., 1768." This fish should have been cooked after a receipt given in the *Morning Chronicle* of July 25: "Friday last, a set of Epicurean Virtuosi dined on one of the largest salmons that has appeared for many years, in this or any other kingdom. It weighed fifty-two pounds, was roasted whole, with three dozen of whittings, and six large mackerel in the belly."

Ballooning was a novelty, and still remains in about the same condition as it was a century ago: nay, in some measure, it has retrograded, the parachute having disappeared, until Professor Baldwin resuscitated it. Yet, in those very early days of aëronautics (Montgolfier making his first ascent at Paris, August 27, 1783), Blanchard was not afraid to risk his life in one, as we see by the *Universal Magazine* of July 26:—"A letter from Nancy, in France, informs us that on July 1 Mons. Blanchard ascended with two balloons amidst an incredible number of spectators. In less than three minutes he rose to an extraordinary height, and, piercing the clouds, totally disappeared for about five minutes, when M. Blanchard, as he had previously announced,

opened

opened the valve of one of his balloons, which rapidly descended, and, getting out of the boat, he opened his large parachute, by which he descended, one league from the place where he set out. . . . The next day, in the afternoon, he promised another ascension ; but, the wind being too high, he sent up a little dog in a basket, about three thousand feet high, when the parachute, opening, let it down with ease, unhurt." The illustration is from a contemporary print, and gives a good idea of the parachute.

Here is a specimen of the manners of the times :—"The following humorous circumstance is said to have happened, lately, in the vicinity of Charing Cross. Two ladies of considerable distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's ; one of them only got out. The coach stood across the causeway. Some gentlemen wanted to cross to the other side, and desired the coachman to move on a little ; the fellow was surly, and refused ; the gentlemen remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation, the lady came to the door of the shop, and foolishly ordered the coachman not to stir from his place. One of the gentlemen, without hesitation, opened the coach door, and, with boots and spurs on, went through the carriage. He was followed by his companions, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within, as well as the lady without. To complete the
jest,

jest, a party of sailors coming by observed, *in their way*, that, if it was a thoroughfare, why might not they go through, as well as the *gemmen*?—which the whole party actually did. The lady had some difficulty to get into her carriage, as a mob was soon collected to enjoy the scene.”

The following paragraph treats of a little episode of the road, which varies slightly from the common ruck of highway robberies:—“A few days since, as two gentlemen and two ladies were returning from Vauxhall, about three o’clock in the morning, near Lambeth, they were assaulted by three men, armed with large club sticks, who jumped out of a coach, and knocked down both the gentlemen, and would have robbed them, if the cries of the ladies had not brought assistance, on which they got into the coach and made their escape. This attempt was made within 200 yards of a watch-box, where a watchman was leaning over the door, who, with great difficulty, was prevailed upon to ring the alarm bell, and when he did, it was too late to apprehend them.” They should have had to deal with those Irishmen who are described in a letter from Dublin, July 14:—“There is a sort of club at a place south in the vicinity of the metropolis, who have made it a practice to discharge pistols at a card marked only with the ace of any colour, to keep the hand in practice for dispatching,
one

one time or other, their man. One day in the course of last week one of these bloods, seeing one of his comrades often fire very wide of his mark, offered to stand a shot, for a wager of ten guineas, if his friend doubled his distance, which might have been about sixteen paces. The wager was closed, and the iron-headed gentleman who made the bet took his station, while his friend traversed the ground, and discharged his pistol. The joke was concluded with the lodgment of a ball in the wagerer's right thigh."



CHAPTER VIII.

AUGUST.

ALL the world—at least, all who had any pretension to be of it—was out of town. Margate and Dover were full—Ramsgate and other watering-places on the south coast being comparatively unknown—but everybody that was anybody was at Brighthelmstone. For it was a pleasant ride by road, either by post-chaise or stage-

coach ; and, moreover, there was the attraction of the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, who had just come over from Han-



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Hanover, and, for the first time in his life, had an establishment of his own. I fear that the sea air and bathing were but secondary considerations. Here is a little story of the beach :—

“The Cliff last week exhibited a scene of the most whimsical and extraordinary distress that can well be imagined. Mr. H——, who, more for recreation and in observance of the fashion than from any necessity, is as punctual at the machines as the most infirm valetudinarian, generally amuses himself with ten or twelve minutes’ swimming every morning. A *chevalier d’industrie* having remarked the practice, and probably apprehensive that it may some time or other be of evil consequences, applied a very effectual remedy to this extravagant custom. In the state of nature they say, all property is common ; and, as both were naked in the water, the adventurer saw no reason why he should not come forth as well dressed as his neighbours. So, hurrying into Mr. H——’s machine, he was soon equipped with a suit of very fashionable clothes, watch, purse, etc., and, paying Smoaker a shilling, retired without any interruption, leaving the swimmer in the most laughable confusion. On a scrutiny of the ragged habiliments left upon the beach, a very good reason was discovered for his not employing a machine to go in, not having even as much cash as would
sat-

satisfy the Charon of the place. Mr. H—— had a good deal of difficulty in making himself known, and, not much relishing the articles of reciprocity left behind, was obliged to remain in a ludicrous state of *naked majesty*, till a dress was brought from his lodgings.”

Fashion, in the matter of dress at the seaside, was as *exigeant* then, as it is now, at a fashionable watering-place, and the following advice to gentlemen is given in the *London Chronicle*, August 16–18, 1787:—“For the morning provide yourself with a very large round hat. This will preserve your face from the sun and wind, both of which are very prejudicial to the complexion. Let your hair be well filled with pomatum, powder, and bear’s grease, and tuck it under your hat. Have an enormous chit-terlin to your shirt, the broader the better; and pull it up to look as like the pouter pigeon as you possibly can. A white waistcoat without skirts, and a coat with a collar up to your ears, will do for an early hour; and, if they say your head looks like that of John the Baptist in a charger, tell them you are not ashamed to look like an Apostle, whatever they are. Your first appearance must be in red morocco slippers, with yellow heels; your second in shoes with the Vandyke tie; your third in Cordovan boots, with very long rowelled spurs, which are very useful to walk in, for, if you
tear

tear a lady's apron, it gives you a good opportunity of showing how gracefully you can ask pardon. Your fourth dress must be the three-cornered hat, the Paris pump, and the Artois buckle."

About this time ballooning was the rage, and two balloons were advertised to start simultaneously. They were being filled with hydrogen (on the Surrey side of London Bridge) in the presence of a large crowd of spectators; but at the last moment, the weather being somewhat stormy, the aëronauts declined to ascend, and the crowd vented their disappointment on the unoffending balloons. In his anxiety to see the proceedings, one man got his head through the balustrade of London Bridge, and could not withdraw it for over an hour, affording, by his impromptu pillory, rare sport to the mob. This month Lunardi intended to cross the Channel from Dover, but he did not make the attempt.

August 11 is noteworthy for being the centenary of the foundation of the See of Nova Scotia, the Rev. C. Inglis, D.D., being appointed the first Bishop.

About this time very great interest was taken in our national game of cricket, and we may take one match as an instance. It was played in "Mary-le-Bone-Field," and was a single-wicket match. It lasted three days,

days, beginning on August 2. "This match is between Kent and Hampshire—or, for the sake of a reinforcement to the latter county of one or two players, between Kent and All England. The match is for 500 gs.—though it is said that not less than £20,000 are depending upon it." There were six on a side, and ultimately Kent won by twenty-three notches, cutting a notch in a piece of wood for each run then being the method of scoring. This illustration is somewhat prior to 1787, and is taken from a picture engraved in 1743; but it practically represents the game as played one hundred years ago—the bat used being precisely similar, and although the third stump was added by the Hambledon Club in 1775, its adoption was not universal, as may be seen in a print in the *Sporting Mag-*



Magazine for June, 1793, where only two stumps, and the bent bat, as in our illustration, are used in a "Grand Cricket Match, played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, on June 20th and following day, between the Earls of Winchelsea and Darnley for 1000 guineas." In 1798, another alteration was made in the wickets, which were then 24 in. high and 7 in. wide ; and in 1817 it was again altered to 27 in. high and 8 in. broad, at which it now stands. The antiquity of the game of cricket is undoubted, but an attempt to fix a very early date may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1788 (vol. lviii. p. 189) :—"In the Wardrobe account of the twenty-eighth year of King Edward I. (A.D. 1300), published last year by the Society of Antiquaries, among the entries of money issued for the use of his son, Prince Edward, in playing at different games, is the following : 'Domino Johanni de Leek, capellano domini Edwardi fil' ad *creag*' et alios ludos per vices, per manus proprias apud Westm. 10 die Aprilis, 100s.'"

Things matrimonial got a little bit mixed, according to a paragraph in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1787 :—"The two sons of the present Lord Petre, not long since, married two sisters ; of these there still remains a younger sister, whom Lord Petre himself is about to marry. To complete the perplexities of these intermarriages, these young ladies have a
bro-

brother, who is engaged to marry a daughter of Lord Petre's. It will be no easy matter to ascertain the precise degree of relationship which the issue of these marriages will bear to each other."



There was an excellent portrait of the King published this month, representing the monarch on horseback, enjoying the diversion of stag-hunting, which he frequently followed during his residence at Windsor. Perhaps there might have been a suspicion of royal etiquette in his always heading the field; but he was always well up to the hounds; nay, one caricature of this picture represents him as riding over them.

There is a little anecdote told of the King in the *New Town and Country Magazine* for 1787:—"August 16. A very particular circumstance

occurred on Wednesday, which has occasioned much conversation in Windsor. His Majesty, after parading the terrace with the Duke of York, rested his arm on the sun-dial, which is near the end of the walk ; the Duke did the same, and continued in conversation with some gentlemen with whom they had for some time before been walking. During this parley, a sentinel upon duty there walked up to the King and ordered his Majesty to remove from the dial, as it was under his particular charge. His Majesty removed accordingly, observing, at the same time, that the man's rigid adherence to his orders was highly commendable ; and a few hours after he was graciously pleased to recommend him to the colonel of the regiment as an object worthy of promotion."

In the middle of August the Queen received a letter from a man named Stone, proposing for the hand of the Princess Royal. The following are some extracts :—"To come to the point, I have seen the Princess Royal, and must assure you that the brilliancy of her beauties, in the assemblage, surpasses even the honours of her situation. . . . It is true that my estates at present are somewhat encumbered ; but what of that ? The purity of my desires will operate as an antidote against the evils of poverty. I leave it to your discretion to mention the affair to his Majesty : if you approve of the

the

the measure, I can have no objection." And he winds up a postscript thus :—"I hope soon to have the honour of approaching you in a less equivocal character."

The poor fellow was apprehended, and his insanity having been proved, he was sent to Bethlehem Hospital, where his great idea was to meet Margaret Nicholson, who stabbed the King, and who was also an inmate. We get a glimpse of him afterwards in the *Morning Chronicle*, December 27, 1787, when some gentlemen, going over the hospital, saw him, and reported that he spoke very rationally, and that if he was placed in a private asylum he would probably entirely recover.

The convivial habits of men a century ago sometimes led to curious results. One instance comes from Edinburgh. It was after the business of the Quarterly Sessions was closed, and the provost and magistrates adjourned to a tavern, in company with other gentleman—those were the days when men did not shirk their bottle—and the result in this case was great conviviality. During the evening, the provost proposed a toast, which was drunk by all, except one gentleman. The refusal to drink a toast was always regarded as very bad form, and, in a moment of merriment, these magistrates formed a court, tried the delinquent, found him guilty, and

and sentenced him to be set upon an ass, with his face to the tail, his hands to be tied behind him, and a label on his breast, inscribed "This is the man who refused drinking"—such a toast. The sentence was carried out—but the culprit brought an action against the magistrates, first in an inferior court, and afterwards before the High Justiciary. Fifteen judges tried the case, and their gravity broke down. However, the plaintiff got a hundred pounds damages and sixpence costs.

In the latter part of the month were many thunderstorms, and there is a story *à propos* both of the storm and the bottle. This time the scene is laid at Limerick, and, in those days, an Irishman would not yield to a Scotchman in the matter of conviviality. Some friends were having a wet evening, inside and outside of the house, for there was a thunderstorm, and one stole off to bed. Of course there was but one method of dealing with such a recreant. He was pursued to his lair, captured, wrapped up in a dressing-gown, and carried downstairs to continue the festivity. But he had scarcely left the bedroom when the house was struck by lightning, which passed through the centre of the bed which he had just quitted.

CHAPTER IX.

SEPTEMBER.

IT is somewhat singular that the idea which prompts these papers had its parallel in 1787. In a number of the *World* of that year we find the heading, "Changes of 100 Years," which goes on thus :—

In 1687, a rebellion was brewing in England, and the Prince of Orange was preparing, with the assistance of the Dutch, to succour the popular party.

In 1687, the Court went to midnight Mass, matins, and vespers, and heard sermons preached by the Pope's Legate.

In 1687, there were reckoned to be about fifty Scotch and twenty-eight Irish men in London.

In 1787, a civil war is breaking out in Holland, and the King of England is considering with his Ministers the proper means of giving succour to the Prince of Orange.

In 1787, their Majesties go regular to their chapel at Whitehall, where the errors and enormities of the Papacy are exposed, and the Holy Pontiff himself declared to be Anti-Christ.

In 1787, they appear to be almost as numerous as the native English.

In

In 1687, it was reckoned a fortnight's journey from London to York.

In 1687, palaces inhabited by Princes of the Blood stood in the Strand; St. Martin's Church was in the Fields; and Hammersmith and Kensington were reckoned elegant retirements in the country.

In 1787, the same journey is performed with ease in two days.

In 1787, no family of *ton* can breathe eastward of Berkeley Square; and Turnham Green, Finchley, and Barnet are considered within the smoke of London.

And yet a somewhat practical denial to the last paragraph is given by the same paper, which, on the first of the month, chronicles a foxhunt from Totteridge to Highgate.

On September 3, there was a riot at Glasgow, caused by the weavers, whose wages had been reduced. They cut webs of cloth, and committed other acts of violence; in consequence of which the military were called out, ordered to fire, and eight people were killed, others being wounded. But the riots were stopped.

Dr. Tanner could fast pretty well, and so could Merletti, whose fifty days' fast ended December 15, 1886; but they pale before our native product; for, in September, 1787, there was to be seen at Godstone a child that for *nineteen weeks* had taken no nourishment of any kind. The account, how-

however, adds, that "evidently, from appearance, she was on the verge of death."

On September 4, a very interesting ceremony was performed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor—called an offering from the Knights of the Garter—which generally took place twice a year, if a chapter could be formed; the chapter consisting of three Knights. On this occasion the three were the King, as Sovereign of the Order, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Montagu, who, with reverence, and deep bows, each deposited an ingot of gold upon the altar. This offering was accompanied by suitable prayers, and the gold was given to the poor.

Archery still kept up its reputation as a fashionable recreation, the most aristocratic society, perhaps, being the Royal British Bowmen, of which the Prince of Wales was



was patron. The society was mainly composed of gentlemen and ladies of North Wales, and they met every fortnight, at the seat of one or other of the members, in rotation. We are told "the ladies use their bows with grace and skill;" which also seems to be the case in the engraving on p. 85, which is after Rowlandson. And there was also the Society of Archers, who, having hitherto practised in the gardens behind Leicester House, had just purchased a spacious piece of ground at the upper end of Tottenham Court Road.



And, if ladies indulged in archery, so they seem to have done with cricket—if we may credit the illustration of Miss Wicket. There were large sums of money played for at cricket. There was a match on September 11, at the New Cricket-ground, Marylebone, between an eleven of Lord Winchelsea and another of Sir Horace Mann, when the lord and the baronet made "another match for a cool thousand."

Here is a curious escape of a thief. On September 11, two chimney-sweeps were found robbing an orchard at

at Homerton. One was taken, and sent about his business, after being well reprimanded ; but the other suddenly turned into a house, and, though there was a large fire in the kitchen grate, he stepped upon the bars, and, passing up the chimney, was almost in an instant upon the roof of the house ; going over several buildings, he descended another chimney, and got clear off.

The universality of boxing at this period is well exemplified in the following story taken from the *Morning Chronicle* of September 17 :—" A few evenings ago, a broker in the city (who is as much distinguished in philology as in his profession) was, in a very abrupt manner, pushed from the pavement in Newgate Street by men genteel in appearance. The former, showing a degree of resentment for the other's illegality, received a blow on the head from one, with a challenge to decide their difference by blows. They immediately stripped. A genteel-looking man appeared in the interim, expressing himself an advocate for the former's spirited conduct, and at the same time reprobating the others for their acts of injustice ; assuring the broker he would be careful of his apparel, if he entrusted the same to his care, and would not suffer him further to be imposed on. The credulity of the broker induced him to deliver to the
care

care of this gentleman his coat, waistcoat, hat, and cane. Immediately after, a contest ensued, which lasted with some spirit for a considerable time, till the antagonist of the former, feeling himself too much overpowered, ran off; but not before he had closed the eyes and otherwise much bruised his combatant. The broker inquired for his pretended friend to *dress*, but alas! to his astonishment, this obliging person had decamped also, when the broker, almost mad with vexation, walked home bald-headed and bare-backed, weltering in blood, bewailing his luckless fortune."

Nowadays, "the silly season" in the newspaper press sets in about September, at the time of the annual exodus to the seaside. It was the same a century ago; but "the enormous gooseberry" had not then been invented. Still, the genius that wrote the following paragraph, if he had lived in these latter days, might have proved himself equal to the gooseberry:—"A mackarell was caught last week in the west of England, measuring these extraordinary dimensions: above two feet from head to tail, near seventeen inches across the shoulders." A truly extraordinary fish! for it was not far from being as broad as it was long.

Art was looking up in a most satisfactory way for artists. "The painters are all rising. Gainsborough has raised his price to forty guineas; Rom-

Romney to thirty; and Stuart, who was at twenty-five last winter, is following him. Gainsborough has been making hay while the sun shines. In the course of the summer there are whole lengths of Mr. Langston, Mr. Beaufoy, Sir F. Sykes, Mrs. Bate Dudley, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Buckingham, and Mr. Pitt. There is, besides, a woodman and his dog in a land-storm, which anybody who has three hundred guineas may make his own."

"Died at Llanvare, near Ruthin, county Denbigh [Llanfair Dyffryn Clwyd?], Mrs. Susan Parry, a maiden lady, who by her will bequeaths the sum of three guineas to her harper, on condition that he would play on the harp (an instrument that she was very fond of) two plaintive tunes which she had fixed on, over her grave, which were accordingly performed on the 13th instant. The novelty of the scene drew together a vast concourse of people, and the poor harper, being an old servant, could hardly begin, for the solemnity of the place and the number of people about him had such an effect upon him that he burst into tears, and it was some time before he was capable of performing the last commands of his old mistress; which had so much effect upon the spectators that there was hardly a dry eye in the churchyard."

Ireland, a century ago, required, as now, an army to keep order. "The following is a pretty correct list of the present army establishment in Ireland, as transmitted from the Board of War in the city of Dublin. Cavalry : Four regiments of horse, one of horse dragoons, and seven of light dragoons—total, twelve regiments. Infantry : Twenty-one regiments. The dragoons are pretty near up to their complement, the four regiments of horse are not full, and most of the infantry regiments want recruits."

The Whiteboys were abroad—so called from the white shirt which they wore over their ordinary clothes when engaged in their outrages—painful parallels to which we have been experiencing for some years past. There is a great similarity in the details. Take this one, only, as an instance, which reads as if of to-day. Extract from a letter from Cork, September 21 :—
"Last Friday night, about two hundred Whiteboys assembled on the lands of Pierce's Court in the north liberties of this city, mounted and armed, and obliged John Murphy, steward to Mr. John Casey, of Flower Hill, to swear on a book that he would deliver a message to his master from Captain Right, which was, that if he, Mr. Casey, did not turn out the tithe of his hay, which he had not drawn in, and not take any of his tithes, that every beast he had should be houghed, and his property otherwise destroyed."

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The culture of muscle has revived amongst us of late years, but athletic exercises of all kinds were in full swing in 1787. Pedestrianism was amongst them, and the most extraordinary professor of this branch of athleticism was one Foster Powell, who was born, in 1734, at Horsforth, near Leeds. In 1773, he walked from London to York, and back again, a distance of four hundred miles, in five days and eighteen hours; but this was beaten by his feat in 1787. For a wager of one hundred guineas he walked from Canterbury to London Bridge, and back again, a distance of 112 miles, within twenty-four hours. He started on the

afternoon of September 27, and walked to London Bridge in ten hours and a half; but he took thirteen hours and twenty minutes to return—thus winning his wager, with ten minutes to spare.





CHAPTER X.

OCTOBER.

THE principal topic of this month and the latter part of the last was the press-gang. Certainly it was of ancient origin, for we know of its existence in the reign of Richard II., 1378, so that it had over four centuries to commend itself, if possible, to the seafaring mind. Jack never was brought to see the fun of finding, on his return home, that, touch at whatever port in the United Kingdom he was bound for, there, in all probability, almost before he cast anchor, the crew of an armed boat would board his vessel, and by very forcible persuasion induce him to enter the "King's Navee" for an indefinite period. This was indeed hard, for there were many chances against his seeing home again, and deep and bitter must have been his curses. If he escaped the kidnappers at port, and had a little liberty ashore with Poll, Bet, or Sue, and had spent his pay, then, if he met with a gang, he might perhaps get obstreperous, in which case he would
get

get knocked over the head, and carried insensible on board the tender, where, on his waking, he would shrug his shoulders, and make the best of a bad job. War with France loomed in the very near future, and of course an economical Government had kept the *personnel* of the navy as low as possible, so that, when a demand for seamen sprang up, the usual method of offering a bounty was tried; and on September 21 was issued "A proclamation for encouraging seamen and landsmen to enter themselves on board his Majesty's ships of war." And, by this, the bounty to all able-bodied seamen, not over fifty years of age, who should volunteer before October 31 next, was to be two pounds, and landsmen not over thirty-five years of age might receive the munificent sum of twenty shillings.

This proclamation was never given time to work, and all faith in the Government must have been banished, for on the very day it was issued, so also were press-warrants, and a very strong press commenced on the river and all the villages on its banks. Several row-galleys, armed, went
along-



alongside all vessels in the river, and stripped them of every able hand on board, leaving only boys to take care of the ships. It is computed that upwards of fifteen hundred hands were pressed on that night, who were immediately conveyed on board tenders lying ready for the purpose. The same afternoon, press-warrants were sent from the Admiralty Office, by express, to every sea-port in England for impressing seamen into his Majesty's service to man the ships fitting out at Portsmouth. No wonder we read the following:—"On Monday, coals were raised in the Pool 3s. a chaldron. This advance was occasioned by the colliers being stripped of their men by the press-gangs, and it is expected they will be raised again very considerably, as there are no men to be got to navigate them." As Colonel Quagg remarked, "Some took it fightin' and some took it lyin' down;" so, also, sometimes the sailors resisted, as we see in an extract from a letter from Dover, October 2:—"Saturday last, a skirmish happened here between a body of sailors and a press-gang, when several were much bruised on both sides. In the upshot the sailors proved victorious, and so made their escape for the time; but about two hours after they all entered and received his Majesty's bounty." Very much might be written about this press, were there space, but a little bit of sharp
prac-

practice deserves to be recorded: "Wednesday, during the time of the regulating captain examining the men on Tower Wharf that had been impressed into his Majesty's service, about twenty young fellows surrounded them to hear the examination, when a hint was given, and the gates of the wharf were shut, the draw-bridge drew up, and every one of them were safely conducted on board the tender."

There are several accounts of pretended press-gangs, consisting of twelve or fourteen fellows, all dressed in sailor's uniforms and armed with bludgeons, who went about the east end of London, obtaining money from labourers and mechanics, half a crown or five shillings each, to prevent their being put on board the tender. It is refreshing to know, in one case at least, that six of such a gang were captured, brought before a magistrate, and committed by him to the charge of a real lieutenant, who made prize of them all. Warrants were issued for apprehending all disorderly persons, vagrants, and such as had no visible means of gaining a livelihood, and pressing them to serve in the army, and these warrants were backed in the City by the Lord Mayor. But the City stuck up, as they always have done, for the freedom of the subject, and, although they did not object to finding compulsory employment for the idle and disorderly portion of the community,

munity, yet the Lord Mayor refused to back the press-warrants in the City, and orders were given to the City patrol that if any press-gang was seen to drag any person out of the City without taking them before a magistrate, assistance was at once to be procured, and the officer and gang were to be apprehended in order to be punished. Still, not wishing to deprive the State of sailors, who were urgently needed, the *Patres Conscripti* thought they might be procured by more legitimate means, so they offered a bounty of forty shillings for every volunteer, and, the first day, over two hundred took the bounty, and were accepted by the navy; and, later on, so many presented themselves that it made it very hard work for the committee. This public-spirited conduct met with its reward, for this press was soon afterwards stopped, and on November 3 the warrants were recalled by an Order in Council, and most of the colliers who had been impressed were released, orders being also sent to Liverpool, Bristol, and other ports to discharge all impressed men. Contemporary views of a press-gang are very rare, and the one given on the next page is especially valuable for the costume :—

But woe is me, the press-gang came and forc'd my Ned away,
Just when we nam'd next morning fair to be our wedding day.

The Banks of the Shannon.

The whole of this month was filled with rumours of war ; all officers either had to join their regiments or give their addresses ; and stores were rapidly accumulated. *À propos* of this, there is a story told of a little sharp practice on the part of the Treasury Board. They advertised for 50,000 gallons of rum, and accepted all the tenders, amounting to 500,000 gallons,

which, if tendered for, would have been at a much higher price. Luckily, however, the two countries of France and England saw the folly of each arming against the other, and a Memorandum was signed by both Powers at Versailles on October 27, that all warlike preparations should be discontinued on both sides.

The *ana* of this month are not very remarkable. There is the chronicle of a curious septen-



ennial custom, which took place on Old Michaelmas Day at Bishop's Stortford. This day was called *ganging day*, when a number of young men met in the fields, and elected one as their leader. This person they were bound to follow wherever he led them, and of course that was over a very rough route.

Every person, male or female, whom they met was bumped—*i.e.* two were swung against each other. These revels over, they returned to the village, where every publican was bound to find, gratis, a plum-cake and a gallon of ale. The same newspaper has this paragraph: "At the hunt at Windsor, on Saturday last, there was a London Jimmy Jessamy with his horse's tail actually tied up in a bag, to the great merriment of the whole



whole company. His saddle and stirrups were elastic, and the bridle decorated with ribbons." Perhaps some of my readers may not know a Jemmy Jessamy until he is pointed out to them. Turn back a page, and there he is.

On October 16 their Majesties and the Princesses had two little mites to play before them of the mature age of two and four years respectively, the atom of two performing on the piano. They were the children of a native of Newcastle, named Bryson, and were advertised to play in public at the corner of St. James's Street, Piccadilly, every day from eleven to three. Admission half a crown. After three p.m. they were open to engagements for private performances. Another musical prodigy of three years old, little Miss Hoffman, was playing (in 1787) sonatas, etc., in public on the organ, pianoforte, and harpsichord.

At every election for Parliament there was a sham one held at Garratt, a portion of Wandsworth, and the elected one was, until next election, always called the Mayor of Garratt, and usually conferred upon himself the dignity of knighthood. Such was the case with Sir Jeffery Dunstan, the then Mayor, and the last but one of those dignitaries. He was a buyer and seller of old wigs, a poor crippled dwarf, but, withal, a fellow of infinite humour,

humour, and much beloved by the mob on account of his wit. His daughter was married, October 1, 1787, at the church of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, her friends and neighbours hiring all the hackney coaches in the vicinity. The bridegroom, aged sixteen, was a donkey-driver by profession; he was dressed for this occasion in a white jacket, with a short blue apron, and in his hand he carried a short stick. He was attended by a long train of Spitalfields weavers and donkey-drivers, holding the tails of each other's coats, while a bodyguard of friends, armed with sticks, guarded his coach. Sir Jeffery came by a different route, a path being made for him by the primitive method of beating the toes of the mob with bludgeons, and altogether a scene of good-humoured riot ensued.

There is another marriage chronicled this month, of "crabbed age and youth," which did not have such a happy conclusion. October 10:—"A very odd wedding was celebrated a few days since at a house near Mile End; the bridegroom was seventy-five years old, and the bride only nineteen. The former was attended to church by four young maidens, and the bride by the same number of young men; but, when the company came to separate, it was discovered the bride had eloped with one of the bridesmen, and about £800 in cash and jewels of her unfortunate spouse."

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A sad story comes to us at the close of the month, for some wicked thieves committed sacrilege and theft in Westminster Abbey, taking the verger's silver staff, and cutting the gold lace off the altar-cloth. Not long before, they stole the silver top off the beadle's staff.



CHAPTER XI.

NOVEMBER.

LAST month closed with peaceful demonstrations on the part of France and England. The press-warrants were recalled, and the pressed men released. The Government found themselves with huge quantities of warlike stores on hand, and were asking contractors on what terms they would consent to have their contracts annulled. Three per cent. Consols, which at the end of October were $71\frac{1}{4}$, left off at the end of November at $77\frac{1}{4}$. Many who had looked to making fortunes out of the war were disappointed, notably in a speculation in saltpetre. On October 2 was a great sale of this chemical at the East India House, when it was sold at an advance of £5 per ton; but it proved a disastrous speculation to the buyers.

Are we to take the following as true, because it is headed "Genuine Anecdote"?—"A penurious rector of a good benefice somewhere in the
North

North of England insisted, in contradiction to the long-established customs of the parish, on receiving his tithes in kind. This communicated universal disgust. Amongst others, an honest old farmer, who kept a great quantity of bees, was exceedingly offended, and adopted the following mode of gratifying his resentment. He wrapt up one of his hives, full of bees, in a thick cloth, and took it under his arm to the rector's house. Desiring to speak with him, he was introduced into his study. He then told his reverence that he had ten hives; he had, in obedience to his declaration, brought him one as his tithe in kind. Without further parley, he threw it into the middle of the room and hastily withdrew, pulling-to the door and locking it after him. The bees, it seems, had but little pious respect for the dignity of the profession, and almost stung the poor clergyman to death before he could possibly obtain assistance."

The canker of lotteries had got deeply into the national system, and, although some of them, like our "Art Union," might have been harmless—such as the lottery for the British Museum, 1753; that of Cox's Museum, 1773; sale of the Adelphi buildings, in the same year; the Leverian Museum, 1784-5; the Pigott diamond, 1802; and the lottery for Alderman

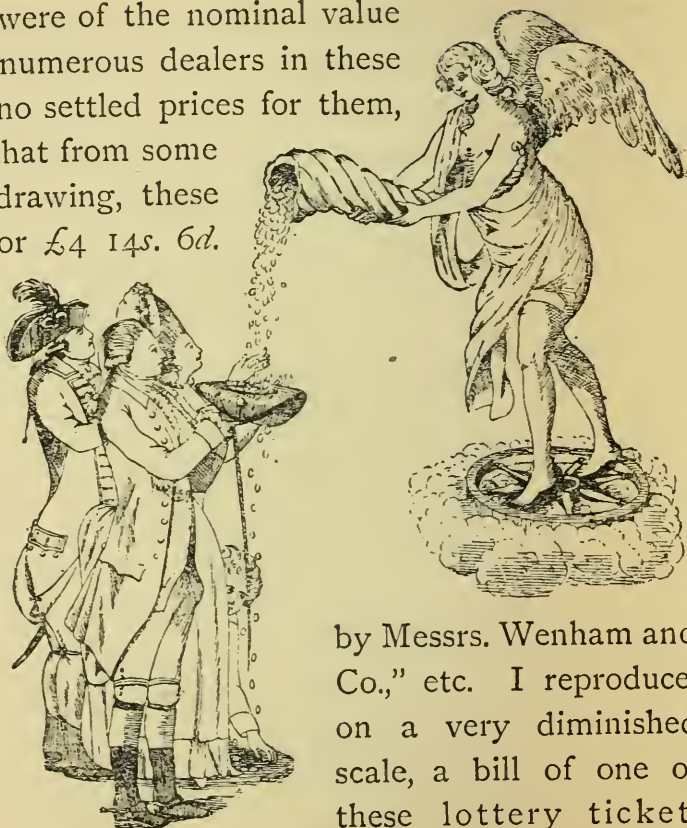
man Boydell's pictures, in 1804-5—yet there were the State lotteries, established in 1693, which for over a hundred and thirty years yielded a large annual revenue to the Crown. In this month was drawn, beginning on November 12, the Irish State Lottery, of the total value in prizes of £200,000, allotted as under :—

No. of Prizes.		Value of Each.		Total Value.
2	of	£10,000	is	£20,000
2	of	5,000	is	10,000
4	of	2,000	is	8,000
8	of	1,000	is	8,000
14	of	500	is	7,000
30	of	100	is	3,000
60	of	50	is	3,000
200	of	20	is	4,000
13,050	of	10	is	130,500
13,370	Prizes			£193,500
	First drawn on 1st, 7th, 14th, 21st,		}	5,000
	and 28th days, £1000 each			
	Last drawn		...	1,500
26,630	Blanks.			
40,000	Tickets			£200,000

Thus

Thus we see that the tickets were of the nominal value of five pounds each, but the numerous dealers in these articles seemed to have had no settled prices for them, the most curious thing being that from some dealers, up to the time of drawing, these tickets could be purchased for £4 14s. 6d. each, whilst others were charging £7; but then the lower charge excluded from all chance of winning a £10 prize.

News travelled slowly in those days, and the first notice I can find of any result of the drawing is in *The World* of November 19: "The Irish ticket No. 13,678, as first drawn, entitled to £1000, was sold



by Messrs. Wenham and Co.," etc. I reproduce, on a very diminished scale, a bill of one of these lottery ticket-mon-

mongers, in which Fortune is depicted as showering her gifts on all who purchase their tickets of him.

Here is a story which, if it did not appear in different newspapers, is hardly credible. On November 10, three drovers were sitting together in a public-house, in the neighbourhood of Fleet Market, when, for a trifling wager, they agreed to toss who should cut off the others' ears. The winner, a brutal fellow, who some years previously had chopped off his thumb to avoid service in the army, actually cut off the ears of one man, who subsequently died from loss of blood ; and one of the ears of the other man was slightly cut.

Some of the punishments of a hundred years since were, to our ideas, brutal ; but, certainly, were not then looked upon as such :—"November 23. Yesterday morning a man who has for some years kept an old-iron shop in Fleet Lane, and who was convicted at the Old Bailey of buying pewter-pots knowing them to be stolen, was, agreeable to his sentence, whipt at the cart-tail from Newgate to Fleet Market and back again, amidst the hisses and acclamations of his old neighbours, the sentence of the court obliging him to pass by his own door."

A curious story comes from Barbadoes, under date of November 19, which

which involves a somewhat complex legal question:—"By a convulsion of the earth, not uncommon in the West Indies, a large quantity of land slid with a gradual motion to a considerable distance from its original site, the trees, huts of the negroes, etc., remaining perfectly undisturbed. The owner of the soil which this tract now covers has laid claim to it as his property; whilst the original proprietor asserts his right on this strong plea: 'That he is certainly authorized to pursue and occupy his ground wherever he can *catch* it.'"

Probably some Freemason may feel interested in this advertisement, which notifies that the Lodge of Antiquity is removed to the Crown and Anchor tavern, Strand:—"As many brethren may not have examined the records of the fraternity, it is necessary to acquaint them that this is the oldest-established lodge in England, over which Sir Christopher Wren presided in person eighteen years, during the building of St. Paul's Cathedral; and that it has continued regularly to meet since that time, under the patronage of several noble and eminent characters. This lodge originally met at the Goose and Gridiron, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and was one of four lodges which in the year 1717 gave rise to the present Grand Lodge in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields."

The

The same newspaper has an advertisement of the Westminster Forum, Spring Gardens, Charing Cross, November 19 :—"This evening will be debated the following question—viz., 'Would it not reflect honour on Mr. Pitt to impose an additional tax upon every batchelor above the age of forty, and apply the produce thereof as marriage portions to poor young maidens?' The above question was conveyed to the managers of this society in a letter, signed by a considerable number of married men, stating that old batchelors do not sustain an equal share with them of the burthen of the State," etc. It may not be generally known that a tax was so imposed, for on April 22, 1695, William III. gave his consent to an Act intituled "An Act for granting his Majesty certain rates and duties upon Marriages, Births, and Burials, and upon Batchelors and Widowers for the term of five years, for carrying on the war with vigour." By this Act—

			£	s.	d.
Bachelors above twenty-five years old paid yearly	...	...	0	1	0
Widowers	"	"	0	1	0
A duke, being bachelor or widower	"	...	12	10	0
A marquis	"	"	10	0	0

By the Act 8 and 9 William III., "For making good the deficiencies of several

several funds therein mentioned," these taxes were kept on, and were to be paid until August 1, 1706.

With the cold, dark nights, and the fact that every one had returned to town, the theatres were filled. They began early, both Drury Lane and Covent Garden opening their doors at 5.15 p.m., and the performances commenced at 6.15 p.m. There were very few theatres then, the audiences were extremely critical, and, owing to both causes, the generality of actors were better than now. This specially applies to actresses, and Drury Lane, perhaps, could claim superiority in this respect



spect over her rival. She could boast of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Farren (afterwards Countess of Derby), Mrs. Crouch, a sweet songstress, Mrs. Brereton, and Miss Pope; whilst Covent Garden had Mrs. Abington, Miss Brunton, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Martyr, and Mrs. Wells.

Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan were in the height of their popularity, the former making her last appearance on the London stage on June 9, 1819; and the latter at the end of the season 1813-14. How they affected their audiences we can judge from these two illustrations, taken from etchings by S. Boyne, where the audience assembled for the benefit of Mrs.

Sid-



Siddons are all lachrymose, whilst that gathered for Mrs. Jordan's benefit are laughing heartily. In November, 1787, Mrs. Siddons played the following parts :—November 3, Lady Macbeth ; 6th and 16th, Rosalind ; 20th, Matilda, in the "Carmelite ;" and on the 24th, Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice."

In the same month Mrs. Jordan played on the 2nd, 22nd, and 28th, Julietta, in "The Pilgrim" (with a song) ; on the 3rd, 7th, 12th, and 19th, as Roxalana, in "The Sultan" (with a dance) ; on the 8th, in "The Country Girl ;" on the 8th, 17th, 22nd, 28th, and 29th, Matilda, in "Richard Cœur-de-Lion ;" on the 14th, Miss Prue, in "Love for Love ;" and on the 20th, Miss Lucy, in "The Virgin Unmask'd." Besides the theatres, there were other amusements—the Royal Waxwork Cabinet, Spring Gardens, where were exhibited all the Royal family, the Countess De la Motte, etc. ; Merlin's Mechanical Exhibition, Princes Street, Hanover Square ; and in the Haymarket a learned and sagacious goose, which told the day of the month and the month of the year, the value of any piece of money, whether English or foreign, distinguished all sorts of colours, and told the number of the company, etc. Then, too, Lee Lewes lectured on "Heads" at the Royalty Theatre, and Signor Gallini announced, in truly
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orthodox style, the advent of his Italian Opera (which would open on December 4), with the composers, vocalists, and instrumentalists engaged, so that there was amusement for all.

I mention another case of sleeping for a lengthened period in order to show that it is not uncommon. This is recorded as a case in Guy's Hospital of a woman who slept there for three weeks and five days, taking scarcely any nourishment.

On November 27, the King went in state to open the fifth Session of the sixteenth Parliament of Great Britain. He was dressed, as he went to the House, in olive-green (or as one newspaper described it, Paris-mud colour) and gold, and returned clothed in scarlet. The Duke of York was, on this occasion, introduced into the House of Lords, and took his seat. He was preceded by Black Rod, a Herald carrying his coronet, Garter King-at-Arms, and the Duke of Chandos. On either side of him walked the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, and Sir Peter Burrell, as Lord High Chamberlain, whilst the Duke of Richmond brought up the rear.



CHAPTER XII.

DECEMBER.

WE have read how, in the course of the year, men were impressed for the naval service; and how, in consequence, it was unpopular until the system of bounties was introduced. The fear of war being over, the pressed men were released, and the *London Chronicle* of December 1 says:—"His Majesty has been graciously pleased to give directions to the Admiralty Board that every commissioned officer who has been on duty, viz. captains and lieutenants, shall receive three months' pay, that warrant officers shall receive two months' pay, and common seamen one month's pay extraordinary, as a gratuity for the expenses they may have been at in preparing for actual service. By such acts of royal munificence his Majesty may reasonably expect a readiness and zeal in the navy whenever their future services may be required."

The same newspaper contains the following:—"On Monday last a per-

person named Goward led his wife to the market-place at Nuneaton, and there sold and delivered her up, with a halter about her, to one White for the sum of three guineas. On their way, Goward asked his wife if she was not ashamed of being brought to open market to be sold ; she said she was not, and was happy to think that she was going to have another husband, for she well knew who was going to be her purchaser. When he came to the place, Goward embraced his wife and wished her well, upon which she returned the compliment. White declared himself extremely well satisfied, and paid down the money, assuring the quondam husband it was good and full weight. The purchase being completed, White gave the ringers a handsome treat to ring a peal, and they spent the remainder of the day with the greatest joy imaginable." Of course this was very wrong, and we ought to be properly horrified to think that such depravity could exist even a hundred years ago ; but history repeats itself, and we are no better in this generation, for in the *Globe* of May 6, this present year of Grace 1887, there is an account of a well-to-do weaver at Burnley, who was charged with deserting his wife and three children. "He admitted the soft impeachment at once, but urged that, inasmuch as he had sold the whole family to another man before the alleged desertion, he was acquitted

of

of all responsibility for their maintenance. It was nothing to him whether the purchaser provided for their wants; the law had better see to that. For himself, he had duly received three halfpence, the amount of the purchase money, and there his interest in the affair began and ended."

Here is another fish story:—On December 1, some fishermen caught a shark 9 ft. 3 in. long near Poplar. On opening it, inside it were found a silver watch, a metal chain, and several small pieces of gold lace. The watch had a maker's name and a number, by which means it was identified as having been sold two years before to a Mr. Thompson, as a present to his son on going for his first voyage to sea. About three leagues off Falmouth a squall struck the ship, she heeled over, and Master Thompson was no more seen. It is said that Thompson *père* purchased the shark as a melancholy memento of his dead son.

The month opened badly, with trade riots at Leicester, where the mob broke the windows of two manufactories, and threw the goods of one maker into the street. This riot was caused by the rumour that these manufacturers were about to introduce Arkwright's machinery for spinning, by which the workmen imagined that their living by weaving at their primitive looms at home would be at an end. What machinery has done, the

experience of the last century has shown. The riot was put down, thanks to the prompt and courageous action of the mayor, who, however, was wounded by a stone. Riots also took place at Northampton, Harborough, and Melton.

Every one who knows the social history of the last century must be familiar with the name of Mdlle. Mara, the sweet prima donna, but may not have heard of a hunting adventure of her husband's. He was staying with the Earl of Exeter, and one hunting morn the earl mounted him on his horse Black Sloven. The run is thus described :—"The hounds, in full cry, gave speedy chase, like an host of winged horses all cleared the hedges and o'ertopped the mountains ; Mara was not last. Black Sloven loved the sport, and, through necessity, Mara gave him his reins. Mara, too, had lost the use of his stirrup, and seized the mane. O'er hedge, ditch, river, gate, and wall went Sloven straight forward ; he was equal to any task, and refused nothing. The dogs, Mara, and the groom were the only living mortals in at the death. Such a hunt was never known ; after a time the rest of the sportsmen came up ; Sloven was neighing to the echo of the neighbouring hills, and prancing with delight, while poor Mara, with life nearly extinct, motionless, was taken from his horse and put to bed. The situ-

situation of clearing a five-barred gate without the relief of stirrups was pitiable ; every relief was administered, yet Mara was near giving up the ghost."

In this month was published in some of the newspapers a letter from Robert Raikes, the printer at Gloucester (ancestor of the present Postmaster-General), whose philanthropy so forwarded the cause of Sunday schools, showing the progress of his work. "It is incredible with what rapidity this grain of mustard seed is extending its branches over the nation. The third of this month (November) compleat four years since I first mentioned the expediency of Sunday schools in the *Gloucester Journal*; and by the best information I am assured that the number of poor children, who were heretofore as neglected as the wild ass's colt, but who are now taken into these little seminaries of instruction, amount to 250,000."

All have heard of Lord George Gordon and the "No Popery" riots of 1780, made familiar to us by Charles Dickens in his "Barnaby Rudge." At this time he was in very evil case. His love of notoriety kept him continually in hot water. Not content with his lucky escape by being acquitted from blame in connection with the riots, on the grounds that his
in-

intentions in assembling the people were not malicious and traitorous, he was excommunicated, on May 4, 1786, by the Archbishop of Canterbury for contempt of court in not appearing as a witness when summoned; and, on June 6, 1787, he was found guilty of libel against the Queen of France and the French Ambassador, and for writing a scandalous paper called "The Prisoner's Petition." For this latter he was committed to Newgate for three years, and for the former he was sentenced to imprisonment resided since August, unknown to every one except those of the Jewish



faith, for two years and a fine of £500, and to find security for good behaviour for fourteen years, himself in £10,000 and two others £2500 each. He fled to Holland, but was politely told he was not wanted there, and that he must quit Amsterdam within twenty-four hours. He yielded to *force majeure*, and left at once for England. Here he lived in quietude until he was arrested on December 7 at Birmingham, where he had

faith, which he had accepted, having renounced the Christian religion. He even seems to have officiated in some capacity at the chief synagogue in Birmingham. He refused, being apprehended on Friday, to proceed to London, because he should have to travel on the sabbath day ; so, to accommodate him, his departure was postponed on his giving bail ; but ultimately a post-chaise and four brought him to London, and, after an interview with Mr. Justice Buller, he was taken to the King's Bench Prison, whence he was transferred to Newgate. Here he remained until his death, of jail fever, on November 1, 1793, his last moments being embittered by the knowledge that he could not be buried among his co-religionists, the Jews. The portrait given on p. 120 is supposed to have been sketched in Newgate, as were others, in which he is depicted in social intercourse with the other prisoners—and occasionally represented as smoking a long clay pipe.

The King received a curious present from Lord Heathfield, of Gibraltar fame, in the shape of a watch made from the metal of one of the guns captured from the Spaniards during the siege. It was ornamented with several devices representing the transactions of that memorable event.

A new copper coinage was sadly needed—that issued by Government

was insufficient in quantity and much worn—so that traders took the matter in their own hands, and Boulton and Watts, from their works at Soho, Birmingham, turned out tons of “tokens,” or promises to pay bearer a penny or halfpenny in exchange. These were, doubtless, illegal, but they were a great convenience to the public. A new copper coinage, however, was settled upon this month, and according to its scheme one pound of copper was to be coined into twenty-four halfpence, instead of forty-eight as hitherto—farthings to be coined in the same proportion as to size and weight.

Of the prosperity of the year 1787 we have some evidence in this extract from the *World* of December 21:—“Of professional successes, these seem at present the instances most enviable. Mr. Scott, at the Chancery Bar, is getting as much as Sir Lloyd Kenyon ever got—viz. £9000 a year. Erskine, in the King’s Bench, last year fairly pleaded himself into 6020 guineas—this year, his guineas are nearer seven than six thousand. In physic, Warren has saved so many patients, and so many of their fees, as made the latter for two or three years past above 7000, this year about 8000, guineas. Pott, besides satisfying an avarice of fame, might satisfy avarice, if he had it, as to pecuniary objects—for his profes-

fession is said to produce above £5000 a year. Hammond, the brewer, and his partner, literally fatigued with getting money, have retired from business. Their stock and warehouses they sold for £120,000, the remainder continues in the business."

It is not often one can find amusement out of prizefighting, but, at a fight between Johnson and Ryan, the following handbill is said to have been stuck up on a house opposite the scene:—"This is to gif Notes: Man and women may com into this house att 3*d*. a pease too sea thee fite betweene the Inglish Man an Irishe Man whiche accordinge too Accompts is too bee a bloudy one—there be 3 Winders in thee one paire Staires so thate you well have a fine sighte of the Comboutants—and I have a ball coney for the Ladies att a shillinge a pease. Good acoumadasions in the eatinge waye too be paide extraye."



We

We have now come to the end of the year, a time devoted especially to domestic joys, which in those days always included a game at cards; and, if December, 1787, was, as it ought to have been, "an old-fashioned winter," there should have been skating as well.



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